THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. LI. No. 1314 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1956 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

Contents

	Page
COMMENTS ON THE WEEK'S NEWS	554
MR. KRUSHCHEV'S LITTLE SECRET	556
THE FAILURE OF LOAN ECONOMICS. By Thomas Balogh	557
AMERICAN DIARY. By Gerald Barry	558
THIS ENGLAND	559
JOURNEY TO RESITA. By J. P. W. Mallalieu	559
FLEET STREET NOTEBOOK. By Francis Williams	560
THE MID-ULSTER FANTASY. By H. Phillip Levy	562
GIVE A DOG A BAD BOOK. By Ronald Blythe	563
HUSH-HUSH CIRCUS. By Reginald Reynolds	564
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Polish, German, Italian. By John Berger	564
Les Ballets de Paris. By Annabel Farjeon	566
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	Page
A Test Case. By T. C. Worsley	566
An Exhilarating Concert. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	566
Popular Science. By Tom Driberg	567
Big Business. By William Whitebait	567
CORRESPONDENCE	568
From Malcolm Muggeridge; Ashley Bramall; Joyce Ziemba; Mary Scrutton; P. M. Williams; Abdul R. Mohamed; Rev. Michael Scott; Rev. Austin Lee; Austin Clarke.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL:	
Portrait of a Humbug. By John Raymond	570
THE DARK DRINKARD. By Jon Silkin	571
REVIEWS:	Page
Pleasures of Ruins. By Donald Davie	571
The Religion of Communism. By A. J. P. Taylor	572
Billy the First. By Norman MacKenzie	572
The Radical. By V. S. Pritchett	573
Murder of a Conscience. By Paul Johnson	574
Keeping Up with Racine. By Geoffrey Brereton	575
New Novels. By Donat O'Donnell	575
SHORTER REVIEWS	576
WEEK-END COMPETITION	577
CITY LIGHTS. By Taurus	577
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac	578
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	578

With Bayonet, Bullet and Hangman

"How long," asked Mr. David Marshall on Wednesday, "do you think you can keep Singapore with a bayonet and a bullet?" That was his quick reaction to the breakdown of his talks with the Colonial Secretary. On Wednesday night, as we go to press, comes the welcome news that—thanks to the good offices of the Labour Party colonial experts—there is a faint chance of further negotiations. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Lennox-Boyd grasps this last-minute opportunity. For if Mr. Marshall goes back empty-handed, Britain loses her best chance of coming to terms with the independence movement in Singapore. Mr. Marshall is no left-wing extremist. He is moderate, pro-British, a bitter opponent of Communism. By finally rejecting his terms Mr. Lennox-Boyd would oblige him either to abandon his claim to be a nationalist leader or to throw in his lot with the activists. Either way Singapore nationalism would in future be identified with less moderate leadership. And there is the essence of the danger. It may well be that Peking will, for the present, advise the Chinese population to behave with tactical moderation. But in the absence of constructive policies from Britain, violent demonstrations can too easily lead to violent repression; and this in its turn to terror and counter-terror.

Mr. Lennox-Boyd need not look far to find a warning of the possible shape of things to come. Last Tuesday, as he broke off the Singapore talks, the newpaper headlines were announcing: *Cyprus Terrorists Kill Another Briton*. Only the afternoon before, he had been forced to admit to an uneasy House of Commons that, since the expulsion of Makarios, there had been no progress towards a settlement in Cyprus. We could not, he said, submit to the blackmail of terrorists; nothing could be done before law and order had been restored. His words carried little conviction. Why? Because he does not himself believe in them. Nor does Sir John Harding. He, better than anyone else, knows that military means have proved incapable of ending terrorism. He knows that since Makarios was exiled the Cypriots have closed ranks; that they are now more united than ever before; and that, if the moderate elements were weak before Makarios's removal, they are now non-existent.

The plain fact is that the decision to slam the door in Cyprus was dictated purely and simply by a handful of Tory backbenchers. But the real price is being paid by the British people. Apart from the French, preoccupied by their own repression in Algeria, the whole world is united against us. Our critics abroad are not concerned with the internal intrigues of the British Tory Party. They know only that Britain has refused to give a civilised people the right to settle their own affairs; that it has even denied them the opportunity to argue their case by peaceful negotiations; and that, when they resorted to other means, it has proceeded to hang them. They now have good grounds for fearing a similar pattern of events in Singapore. Small wonder, then, that Britain's painfully acquired reputation as an enlightened colonial power—which has enabled us, since the war, to exert more moral influence than at any other time in our history—is being squandered. In the great centres of world opinion, from New York to Djakarta, people are beginning to forget what we did in India, Burma, Ceylon and the Gold Coast; they are remembering only Palestine, Suez and Kenya. They no longer see a Commonwealth of Nations: they see rather an empire of hangmen.

Is the Prime Minister—obsessed, as he is, by his vision of Britain playing a predominant and independent role in the world—aware of this? Does he seriously think that our rule in Cyprus can be maintained indefinitely behind ramparts of sten-guns and tear-gas, and in the face of the united moral indignation of the world? Is he also aware that the horror at events in Cyprus is being shared by an increasing number of his fellow-citizens? That the aroused conscience of Britain is, ultimately, a more powerful force than the Tory press and the 1922 Committee? If moral considerations fail to interest him, is he prepared to be swayed by electoral ones? The Prime Minister should ponder these questions carefully. He still has a little time. It is not too late to send a telegram to the Seychelles. It is not too late to postpone Mr. Marshall's journey home.

Comments on the Week's News

Crisis in Singapore

Why did the Singapore talks break down? It was clear from the outset that the relation between internal and external security was the main point at issue; with Mr. Marshall insisting that independence would be genuine only if the new constitution gave the Singapore government as much control over internal security as has already been granted to the Federation of Malaya. It is this that Mr. Lennox-Boyd refused to concede. Lacking confidence in stable government in the city, the Colonial Office insisted that Britain could discharge its responsibilities for defending the base only if London retained the power of concurrent legislation by Order in Council—and that this power must be continuously available, not limited to an emergency or made conditional on the suspension of the constitution. To this Mr. Marshall has angrily retorted that he would not have had the power to lay a sewer without Britain arguing that this interfered with strategic requirements. This, of course, is the intemperance of disappointment. But there is no doubt that Mr. Marshall did make a genuine offer of a compromise. He was willing to leave the decision about British intervention to a security council, consisting of three Singapore ministers and the three British service chiefs, on the condition that the chairman of this council was a representative of the Federation of Malaya, which also has an interest in the security of Singapore. Here, again, Mr. Lennox-Boyd refused to give way. The chairman, he insisted, must be the High Commissioner—thus ensuring a permanent British majority on the council. So, on Tuesday, the talks broke down. On Wednesday night it became known that Mr. Marshall was "approaching the Colonial Secretary on his own responsibility"—i.e., without in the first instance committing his delegation—in a new attempt to re-open the talks. Unless this final effort succeeds, Britain will be facing a real crisis.

Mr. Pollitt and His Comrades

The Communist Party has selected a new general secretary and, after three months of deliberation, published its formal assessment of the new situation. Though the replacement of Mr. Pollitt by Mr. Gollan is the more dramatic of these two actions, it is less important than the policy statement. For the breakdown in Mr. Pollitt's health is genuine—though, perhaps, it has been made worse by the unhappy position in which he has recently found himself—and even before the new developments in the Soviet Union it was generally understood that he would before long make room for the younger and more forceful John Gollan. If symbolic changes are to be made, there are other members of the party "old guard", and notably Mr. Dutt, whose removal would be a more convincing proof of a genuine change. There has, however, been strong rank-and-file pressure on the more compromised members of the party leadership. The executive committee's resolution, published on Wednesday, is an interesting blend of apologia and plain speaking, and there is reason to think that the original draft has been amended to meet criticism from below. There are three points of substance in the statement. First, the C.P. acknowledges the "mistakes" made in the U.S.S.R. and in Britain—it does not go into much detail—but it condemns those who have concentrated on the "weaknesses" and failed to put "errors and abuses" in a positive context. Secondly, it claims that the "Socialist achievements" of the Soviet Union outweighs the defects, and that the Communist parties have been correct in defending this achievement, because they "are engaged in a class war and cannot be neutral". Finally, there is an interesting passage which follows the new line on "the peaceful transition to Socialism", and states that the party must reconsider "how democratic liberties can be maintained . . . the relations of other political parties under a People's Government . . . methods of guaranteeing Socialist legality". If this statement is taken seriously by the membership, they will follow its call for new thinking by the more far-reaching self-examination which a substantial section of the party now seems to be demanding.

Releasing Social Democrats

Last week, Bucharest radio broadcast a letter written to Mr. Gaitskell by Traian Cercega, one of three prominent Rumanian Socialists who were believed to have been in prison for several years. Since Mr. Cercega claimed to be at liberty, we asked Mr. J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P., then in Bucharest on another assignment, to seek an interview with him. On Sunday, Mr. Mallalieu saw Mr. Cercega in his home town of Resita, and we publish a report of this interview on a later page. We are satisfied that Mr. Cercega is in fact free, but, as Mr. Mallalieu points out, his statements leave certain questions unsettled. His present political position seems obscure; the fate of several of his comrades is unknown; and we are not entirely convinced by his denial that he was ever arrested. There is evidence, however, that the release of Socialists is proceeding in eastern Europe. More than fifty well-known Social Democrats were set free in Hungary last week, and there are reports from Moscow that the French Socialist delegation made more headway than Mr. Gaitskell on this question. Mr. Krushchev, it is said, agreed to make "fraternal interventions" on behalf of Socialists still imprisoned in the Communist countries.

Nkrumah's Brave Decision

Dr. Nkrumah's government is to be congratulated on agreeing to hold a general election before the country becomes independent. It must have been a very difficult decision to take, for it is less than two years since the last election. Moreover, the Prime Minister was risking the accusation of retreating before the opposition's violence. Nevertheless, this courageous decision is certainly the right one. A new political situation must be created before independence can be handed over without the fear of civil war. The government has every reason to feel confident of electoral success, particularly in view of the decisive majority in Togoland in favour of integration with the Gold Coast. In view of the statement by the Colonial Secretary that independence will be granted on a motion passed by a reasonable majority, Dr. Nkrumah is now in a position to ask for a firm mandate from the people to establish the new state of Ghana. It is to be hoped that all parties in the Gold Coast will support the statesmanlike pledge given by Dr. Gbedemah in London last week, when he said: "If the C.P.P. is defeated we should be glad to see our opponents, the National Liberation Movement, take over. We should try to work effectively as an opposition party. If we are successful we hope they will do the same and respect the authority of the legislature."

The Voice of Kenya Africans

The statement of policy made by the Nairobi District African Congress last week-end is the first clear voice heard from African politicians since the banning of the Kenya African Union. The Congress was first refused registration because of the government's suspicion that it intended to be a national organisation. Although it is legally only allowed to organise on a district basis, the policy laid down is a comprehensive one. It is obvious that the Congress will quickly be accepted as the leading voice of Africans, not only in Nairobi, but throughout the country. The most significant aspect of the statement is the indication which it gives of the political time-table which Africans are now beginning to visualise. Mr. Argwings-Kodhek, president of the Congress, made it clear that, while they will accept a common electoral roll in the future, they are not prepared to support this measure until Africans have been granted adult suffrage. In short, the African leaders see equal electoral rights with the other races as their first aim. Once these are established they are prepared to move forward to that common representation which alone can break down racial barriers in the political world.

The Hives Dip. Tech.

That exercise in wishful arithmetic, the recent White Paper on Technical Education, proposed that the number of students successfully completing courses at technical colleges should be increased from 9,500 to 15,000 a year. About half of these students ultimately become technologists, in which capacity they are expected, in the words of the White Paper, "to accept a high degree of responsibility and in many cases to push forward the boundaries of knowledge." But the White Paper had little but some perfunctory clichés to offer on what kind of college and advanced work is likely to produce this responsibility and push. In the meantime, the National Council for Technological Awards, an independent body under the chairmanship of Lord Hives set up "to create and administer technological awards of high standing," has made its first public appearance and it looks as if its influence is going to be embarrassing and revolutionary. The Council's "Dip. Tech." will be the equivalent in standard to an honours degree course, but with such differences as are likely to make it, in many cases, the more coveted of the two and certainly more attractive than the London External. In the first place the courses leading to a Dip. Tech. will be closely related to industrial practice; indeed most of them will be four-year sandwich courses made up of alternating periods of study and practice. They will have to "include liberal studies and some instruction in the principles of industrial organisation," and apparently these conditions are going to be interpreted stringently. The Council goes on to speak pointedly about the "intellectual and personal qualities" of the staff, who, it says, "should include persons to whom industry should go for advice"; it is expecting "good library facilities and good social amenities"; and it is hoping to see residential facilities provided. What all this means, in effect, is that Hives Award is going to sort the colleges in a drastic fashion, for though the Council theoretically only recognises individual *courses*, it is insisting on a quality of course that can be provided only in a college that organises itself in an adult and liberal way.

News from Our Own Correspondents

London

Soft Soap for Robots

An Industrial Correspondent writes: For several months the stock answer to parliamentary questions about automation has been that the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research was preparing a report on the subject, and that any statement would be premature. Now the report has been published everyone ought to be pleased; it has clearly been written by civil servants trained to offend no one, and, in particular, not to embarrass the minister.

Automation brings together three independent lines of industrial development. First, there is the development of transfer devices which automatically take the object being made from one machine on to the next, put it in the right position to be worked on, and start and stop the machines working on it at the right time. The second line of development is automatic control, where instruments measure changes in the way a manufacturing process is happening, and set in motion the adjustments which will correct those changes. The third has stemmed from the electronic computer—originally designed to do complicated mathematics at great speed, but now increasingly being used for such routine office calculations as working out wages and controlling inventories in stores, and also for the control of complex manufacturing processes. The three will come together in the automatic factory, in which the computer not only works out and sets in motion all the complicated decisions which must follow from the order to build, say, a hundred green cars and two hundred red ones today, but also makes out the delivery notes for the cars, and sends out cheques for the raw material at the same time.

The report wisely points out that this vision of the automatic factory is still far in the future, and that with output per head in industry rising by little more than three per cent. per annum the speed of advance is far from overwhelming. Even if the automatic factory were here there would be more skilled mechanics and maintenance men, more design engineers and more scientists in the place of semi-skilled men. Though fewer workers would be needed to produce the same output, they would be workers of a different sort; and the report draws attention to this need for more scientists, technologists and technicians, and says that the shortage of them may well slow down the development of automation. But it rather glosses over the very great social problems that will arise while automation is spreading. What, for example, will happen to a clerk in his fifties who is no longer needed when the computor is doing his work? There is little point in talking of retraining schemes for him.

The problem of unemployment is briefly touched on, and it is suggested in effect that the sort of strife we have just seen at Standard Motors can be avoided. But very little is said about the possibility that the rapid introduction of automation in the industries of a whole district may cause considerable local unemployment, and the report takes no account of a more general slump in which the firms which have been ordering automatic plant in order to increase their output will suddenly cancel their orders. There will then be unemployment in those industries that have expanded to produce such plant.

If we are fully to benefit from the technical possibilities now open to us, this country will need greatly to increase the amount it spends on investment each year. But the report shows that expenditure on machinery for industry rose during the Labour government, only to fall since the Tories came to power. It suggests that there may be shortage of machine tools, but does not explain that under private ownership the machine tool industry finds it more comfortable to jog along in the old way making well-established lines than to venture into something new with real risks attached.

Swansea

The Anthracite Village

A Welsh Correspondent writes: On the face of it the Coal Board seems absolutely justified in closing the East and Steer pits at Gwaun-cae-Gurwen. In 1955 the two pits lost £406,000; in the last 18 months the miners have been involved in 58 disputes; output per manshift is half that of the anthracite coalfield average. All this seems to bear out the N.C.B. case that the miners have not been co-operating with management and that they have continually been going slow. Secondly, the general opinion is that the Board has given the miners every chance to redeem themselves over the past nine years, but that they are incorrigible malingerers; that East and Steer anthracite may well be the best in the world, but we don't need it that badly. The situation is more complex than that.

Gwaun-cae-Gurwen is a village of 3,000 inhabitants on a mountain top above Swansea valley. Most of the inhabitants speak Welsh. They rarely look beyond their village for their entertainment. As in most villages, but especially those tied to a dying culture, paranoia is always just around the corner. Nearly all of the men are miners, but they live in a peasant rather than a proletarian tradition; to the usual ferocious loyalty of the miner one adds the articulate idealism of the Welsh nonconformist and radical. As a group they are unusually proud and independent. Sometimes, as now, independence declines into anarchy. Convinced that management and union are against them, every move is put under a hostile microscope. The inclination is to oppose on principle. They are very strong on principle. "A principle is worth more than any amount of money," as one miner put it to me, his comrades nodding vehemently. In action this means that they strike when they don't like the manager's decision; and the N.C.B. builds two pithead baths for £90,000 and refuses to let the miners use them—because they strike when they don't like the manager's decisions. If its consequences were not going to be tragic, this would be bizarre comedy.

The miners deny the usual accusation that the one trouble with them is that they don't like working. They agree that they have not been co-operating with the management and retort that this is because the management won't co-operate with them. They give day-to-day instances. They play down the pit's losses by stressing the difficulties of cutting coal in these anthracite mines. As for the union—they allege—it has sold out to the management and that, anyway, the union leadership in South Wales is Communist, which they are not, and moreover, that it doesn't sympathise with the peculiar difficulties of the West Wales anthracite miner. The larger comment on nationalisation the situation offers is that the men consider that the system has failed them. They expected a far larger say in the management of their pits. They quote at you the numbers (and salaries) of the N.C.B. officials in the area. They seem to have faith in few of them and doubt their necessity. But these doubts and most of the circumstances at Gwaun-cae-Gurwen exist at other mining villages in the area, which nevertheless manage to produce more coal.

It's difficult to see what Coal Board and union could do here except perhaps grant self-management to make these miners happy, so completely have labour relations failed. Monday's appeal by the South Wales miners' conference for the East and Steer men to work harder until their notices expire is not likely to make much difference. At the moment it very much looks as if the N.C.B. will stick to its guns and Gwaun-cae-Gurwen—where half the miners own their own houses—will become a derelict memorial to men who couldn't keep up with the times.

Paris

De Gaulle Ex Machina?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: At the end of last month, in the presence of a group of Socialist deputies who had come to inform him of their growing uneasiness at the situation in Algeria, M. Mollet made a sibylline remark: "Be patient for a time. You will have a surprise by May 15." For the last fortnight, political circles have been anxiously debating what M. Mollet meant. Secret negotiations with the rebels? Talks in Cairo? A spectacular military victory in the Aurès? M. Lacoste's long-delayed purge of the Algerian administration? Two weeks have passed, and M. Mollet has now left for Moscow; nothing more has been heard of the promise. Indeed, M. Mollet's one major policy speech during this period made no reference to Algeria and was almost entirely devoted to the necessity for a constitutional reform.

Admittedly, on this subject, M. Mollet had some sensible things to say. Who would contradict his assertion that "French institutions no longer correspond to the needs of a modern state," and that "the authority of the state is being slowly undermined by coalitions of private interests"? But all this has been said countless times before; and M. Mollet is disingenuous in suggesting that his Algerian policy is the product of his constitutional impotence. Indeed, he is the last premier to have the right to complain on this score. For once, the government disposes of full emergency powers, voted by the overwhelming majority of the Assembly, and for an indefinite period; and since its formation, its majority has been large and stable. As Mauriac wrote in *L'Express*: "Even if, on February 6, 1956, our constitution had been the most perfect imaginable, M. Mollet would have received just as many tomatoes in his face, and he would have flung General Catroux overboard just as quickly . . ."

But M. Mollet's speech is not just a faltering excuse for his Algerian policy: there is more to it than that. It coincided with reports that General de Gaulle has been conferring with a number of political personalities, including the Minister Resident in Algiers, M. Lacoste. Is the government planning a spectacular gesture—linked to the name of a national hero—to get out of the Algerian mess? After all, mid-May has been frequently suggested as the time by which France's new military effort in Algeria was expected to produce definite results. By this date it was calculated that the rebels would be isolated into small groups and ready to negotiate on terms of capitulation. In fact, nothing of the

sort has happened. The opening days of May were marked by widespread rebel incursions into the big cities and spectacular raids on farms in Oranie, which the French, however severe their subsequent reprisals, were incapable of preventing. There are signs, indeed, that the rebel strategists welcome the arrival of French reinforcements and the policy of "total war." In a recent interview with a German newspaper, M. Mohammed Khider, who is a member of the co-ordinating committee in Cairo, said that he looked forward to the day when the French would be forced to scatter 500,000 troops over Algeria. Ambushes and urban terrorism, he remarked, would still be able to maintain the atmosphere of insecurity and drive the French to further repressions; and, for every twenty Arab civilians killed or imprisoned by the French, sixty joined the rebels. The leaders of the Liberation Army, he added, knew perfectly well that they were unable, for the moment, to inflict any decisive defeat on the French army; their object was, rather, to "hold down in Algeria, for as long as possible, enormous numbers of French soldiers."

However crude and cynical this language may appear it is also realistic: and the government knows it. France can, in fact, mobilise hundreds of thousands of young men for service in Algeria, *but only for a limited period*. Neither her financial resources nor popular opinion will permit such a situation to endure indefinitely. This train of argument is beginning, at last, to make some impact on M. Mollet. According to his close friends, he is bitterly disappointed and discouraged by the evolution of the military situation. He is also aware of the rising anger of his own Socialist party militants. All this, it should be noted, is taking place before the last group of reservists has yet disembarked in Algeria. What is going to happen in a few months' time, when French families begin to demand the return of their sons, when M. Ramadier begins to run into serious financial difficulties, and when the casualty lists begin to come in?

Given that a decision in urgent, the government would seem to have two clear alternatives. Either it can carry on its present policy and risk creating a popular front *par la base*—with opposition to the war being used as a rallying cry to unite Communist and Socialist militants, or it can open immediate negotiations with the rebels and risk a united opposition of the centre and right—including many of its present Radical supporters. It is his awareness of these two alternatives, and his unwillingness to choose either of them, which has led M. Mollet, in desperation, to try to formulate a third: a constitutional solution, based on the personality of De Gaulle.

New York

Enter a Demagogue

Our New York Correspondent writes: The decision of Walter George of Georgia to retire from the Senate at the end of the current session will be felt far beyond the confines of Capitol Hill and the borders of his home state. Senator George has been the most influential supporter of bipartisan foreign policies since Senator Vandenburg and a powerful advocate of moderation in domestic affairs. Herman Talmadge, his likely successor, is the exact contrary. He is a passionate opponent of foreign aid programmes and a die-hard advocate of white supremacy.

If the Democrats retain their majority in the Senate after the next election, as generally expected, Mr. George will be succeeded as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee by Senator Green of Rhode Island. Senator Green will be 89 on October 2 and, although he is highly respected, he does not have the prestige or forcefulness of Mr. George. The next Democrat in line of seniority on the committee is Senator Fulbright of Arkansas, a former Rhodes Scholar with liberal internationalist views. But he also is unlikely to be able to influence his colleagues to anything like the extent that Mr. George was able. Neither of these two Democrats is as close to the Republican Administration as the outgoing chairman. When Senator George exercised his seniority on the Foreign Relations Committee in January, 1953, he did so at the urging of President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles. The record shows that their insistence was not misplaced, for most of the triumphs of Administration foreign policy on Capitol Hill can be attributed to the Senator's personal influence and powerful oratory.

Mr. Talmadge has said that the key campaign issue for him is the preservation of "constitutional government, states rights and local self-determination in this nation." This is southern vernacular for defiance of the Supreme Court. Talmadge will be joining an eminent fellow demagogue in the Senate—Joseph McCarthy. The latter has been searching around for a new issue on which to make a comeback on the national scene. He seems to have decided to attempt an alliance with southern conservatives and has been making speeches attacking the Supreme Court in general and Chief Justice Warren in particular. It has been the practice in recent months that, whenever McCarthy rose to address the Senate, the chamber rapidly emptied. But a few weeks ago no less a respected personage than Senator Russell of Georgia appealed to his colleagues to remain when McCarthy was discoursing on states rights.

Mr. Krushchev's Little Secret

THOSE present at the notorious Labour Party dinner who could follow what Mr. Krushchev was saying over the barrage of Mr. George Brown's interruptions heard him refer to a "decisive" step which the Soviet Union was proposing to take in the field of disarmament. Feeling perhaps that the atmosphere was not conducive to confidences, he stopped short of letting out his little secret. The next evening at Claridge's he went further. In his "private" conversation with Mr. Stassen and Sir William Hayter he indicated that the Russians contemplated breaking the disarmament deadlock by a unilateral reduction in their armed forces of a million men and the withdrawal of some of their troops from Germany.

This week's announcement of the Soviet plan to demobilise 1.2 million men by next spring and to withdraw 30,000 troops from Germany is further evidence that the Russian leaders do not drop their hints casually and are in earnest about conventional disarmament. True, this step—even when coupled with the reduction of 640,000 men already announced—will still leave the Russians slightly ahead of the U.S. in conventional arms. But it has always been contemplated that disarmament would have to be by stages, and this is a first stage. Moreover, the Russians have stated that they will go further as soon as they see some reciprocation from the West.

What is the West going to do about it? Nothing, apparently. Mr. Nutting, dredging up his newest obstacle from the quagmire of negatives in which western diplomacy now wallows, tells us that, while the recent Soviet proposals have not been positively turned down, such a degree of disarmament cannot be achieved until outstanding political problems—including German reunification—have been resolved.

This journal has already pointed out what rubbish this is, and now we welcome an unexpected ally. Sir Winston Churchill's speech at Aachen was a keynote speech: it affirmed the first light of coexistence just as authoritatively as, ten years ago, his Fulton speech declared cold war. His suggestion that Russia should be invited into Nato makes nonsense of all the cold war assumptions on which Mr. Dulles and Dr. Adenauer continue to base their policies. But he went further; only re-establish, he said, the Grand Alliance, and the solution of the German problem will follow more easily. We are not discussing here the problems of timing or the immediate practicability of such an invitation to the Russians—Sir Winston, after all, is accustomed to speaking in the wilderness in the early stages of his campaigns. What is profoundly important however is his implication that the solution of the German problem is likely to be a later rather than an earlier step in a general *détente*.

And what more effective or easier first step could be taken towards an atmosphere of confidence than a phased reduction in conventional arms? Now that both sides hold—and shrink from using—the nuclear deterrent, the military dangers of such a reduction are small; while on the economic side, as Dr. Thomas Balogh argues in a following article, the advantages are of vital importance if western democracy is to match the Soviet world in competitive coexistence.

A Tory government has, no doubt, its own reasons for shrinking from any dramatic response to the Soviet initiative. The economic consequences of a drastic cut in the defence budget could even be politically embarrassing to Mr. Macmillan's *laisser-faire* economic policy. Moreover, the Tories are heavily committed to march in step with the State Department, which under Mr. Dulles has been singularly slow to appreciate or respond to the new Soviet line. But what of Labour? Mr. Gaitskell and his colleagues are quick to cry havoc over the trivial affair of the frogman, but strangely silent on disarmament.

Recent Soviet attacks on Mr. Gaitskell are as unjust as they are offensive. But there is a charge which does lie against the Labour leadership as a whole. The people of Britain, we believe, want nothing more than to see the end of the cold war and of the burdens which we all bear as a result of it. Yet the Labour front bench—like the Socialist International—gives the impression of being irrevocably committed to assumptions which are proving more and more unreal. The test of statesmanship for Mr. Gaitskell in the coming months is whether, in formulating Labour's response to a changing world situation, he can see the Soviet Union not merely as the central repository of a world-wide conspiracy against Transport House, but as a great power compelled by the march of science to find ways of living at peace with the rest of the world. Nor need the leaders of the British Labour Party hesitate to take this change at its face value; for whatever the long-term political aims of the new Russian leaders, governments everywhere have been called to order by the H-bomb. And politicians who aspire to leadership in the West must realise that the one sure way of losing the battle of coexistence is to fight it from the derelict trenches of the cold war.

The Failure of Loan Economics

It was just a decade ago that under Lord Keynes's intellectual leadership the Labour government was persuaded to accept a grand design in international economic reconstruction; a design which, in effect, meant a return to a barely modified pre-war economic system. It would be foolish to inquire now into the different and divergent motives which led government, opposition and orthodox economists, each in their way, to agree. The underlying hope, common to all, was, in the words of Prof. Mikesell, the provision through free world markets of a co-ordinating force, which "in the absence of political unification" would allow the West to equalise "the relative rates of growth in the free and Soviet areas." In Britain there was the additional hope that, under the new design, their country would resume its role as an international economic centre, and so emerge as a second, decisive, voice in the West.

Ten years is a long time, long enough to draw definite lessons: neither of the two hopes has been fulfilled. The economic failure of the West is not difficult to demonstrate. Starting from an overwhelming superiority in economic strength, the West has been reduced to a position where it must almost helplessly watch the attainment by the Soviet Union and its allies of equality in power if not in resources. The use of barter deals in arms in the Middle East was the first sign of the discomfiture of the West. The growing volume and attractiveness of Soviet trade offers are the second. Russian proposals at the disarmament sub-committee, for the limitation of conventional weapons, coupled with Mr. Kurchatov's visit to Harwell, are perhaps the final warning. These signs read together should make it clear that we are faced with a stupendous technology—a technology which threatens western initiative and leadership in the economic as much as in the military field.

The fact is that in a period of unexampled prosperity and full employment, the West—except for West Germany—has not proved capable of matching Soviet technical and economic progress. Even on a very conservative estimate Soviet overall growth—including the weak spot of agriculture—has been of the order of at least 6 per cent. per annum compound; and it may have been even higher. Industrial expansion seems to have been substantially faster. It may still be as high as 11 per cent. or more. It should be noted, moreover, that, from now on, the vast savings of mass-production in light industrial products should substantially swell the increase. This pace compares with an increase of manufacturing capacity in Britain and the U.S. of about 5 or 6 per cent. in most years since the war. Overall production in the West has increased much less—between 2½ and 4 per cent. per annum. West Germany alone has been able to increase fixed investment to relative levels which compare with those of Russia. She has been able to do this because, unlike the U.S.S.R., she did not have to sacrifice a substantial proportion of her national income to armaments; while the weakness of her trade unions, due partly to the influx of refugees from the East, enabled a larger share of her national income to accrue to profits than would be politically practicable in Britain or the U.S.

The startling consequences of this general failure of the West are only imperfectly realised. Calculations made in America during the war suggested that Russian productivity in manufacture was little behind the British. More recent information has confirmed this belief. If the present trends in investment continue, the U.S.S.R. may be able to achieve the 1956 level of American productivity in less than a decade and go on from there even more quickly to catch up in absolute terms. Meanwhile the Soviet standard of life is a fraction only of that of America. Thus the productive power which might then be available for Soviet economic aid could be truly formidable. We should remember that their steel production is to grow more in the next five years than the total of ours—and they can do this even if Soviet internal consumption is permitted to rise by, say, 6 per cent. per annum, which is more than twice the average British rise in real wages since the war.

Perhaps even more complete is the failure of the second of the dreams of 1946—that Britain could maintain her privileged position within the western world. The prospect was not an unfavourable one, at least relatively. War devastation elsewhere had been far greater. The rapidity with which Britain regained her former export trade and then doubled it in volume showed that, appropriately managed, her economic system retained its basic resilience. Unfortunately the steady pressure for liberalisation has necessarily weakened her potentially favourable prospects. On the other hand, liberalisation of imports has stoked up the desire for higher consumption from any given income; on the other, the loss—inevitable in the Conservative free-for-all—of the feeling of equality and social cohesion has loosed off successive waves of wage demands. As prices chased forward, the workers did not profit, but the stability of the country was endangered. The necessary levels of investment have never been achieved and improvements in domestic output or foreign trading have been dissipated in greater freedom—to consume.

In addition Britain undertook military commitments which would have strained her strength to the utmost even if all our previous advantages had been preserved. In America rearmament positively stimulated production. But in Britain our production was thrown into confusion. With controls down, even a £1,500 million annual defence budget—about half of the original plan—effectively precludes any improvement in our affairs. As direct controls disappeared, and even budgetary policy was relegated to a subordinate place, the rate of interest became the only weapon of control left. But a rise in the rate of interest cannot cure, it can only aggravate, the constriction of low investment and slow growth from which we suffer. It must, moreover, strangu-

late the tiny development plans of our dependencies; for their earning power is exhausted by the high rate of interest. Thus the effort at establishing sterling as an "international currency" furthers the disintegration of the Sterling Area, and its independent members are obliged to look round for new financial connections.

In 1946, for all the deep scars of the war, Britain secured one great gain: the rise of a closely knit Sterling Area. Control over foreign payments could not only serve to prevent the nervous flight of capital. It secured Britain far more solid advantages in sterling markets against American—and later German and Japanese—competition than Empire preference could ever grant. The return to pre-war convertibility would do away with this advantage; and to no purpose. America need not make tariff counter-concessions or undertake to relax her tight controls over imports. The balance of payment would be voluntarily weakened. Nor is this all. Anglo-American policy has in its violent Spencerian optimism prevented imaginative economic planning inside the Sterling Area. Long-term commodity contracts have been used to secure cheap supplies and not to foster the growth of the complementary dependent territories. They were in many cases given up at the very moment when they would have been of benefit to the colonies concerned. Beyond that, an unimaginative handling of our dollar reserves meant that all too often the "poor" colonies have had to help finance a rapid economic development of the much richer Dominions—and mainly in directions directly competitive to Britain.

Some deliberate sacrifice by the U.K. might have secured on the part of the dependent areas a feeling of loyalty, of common interest and adventure. A third large and well integrated supranational economic system might even have arisen in the Commonwealth and related territories, elastically co-ordinated and capable of meeting the two continental giant states on equal terms. As it is, a falsely interpreted liberalisation is in process of establishing a series of economic Balkans in which—to take West Africa or the Middle East as examples—even regional co-operation and specialisation are rapidly becoming impossible. The elevation of the idea of self-government into a thoughtless dogma which excludes all common economic planning has created a situation in which only the U.S. (and possibly Germany with her more rudimentary ideas of social justice) can benefit. The position of Britain, even in the West, is relatively one of precipitate decline.

It is in this context that we have to consider the unilateral Russian decision to reduce conventional armaments. Only a cut in our arms programme can free the required productive capacity and man-power required for the effort now needed. We need to achieve not only an annual export surplus of at least £300 millions, but also a doubling of our prime productive investment. This means an annual additional requirement of, say, £500 m. Altogether £800 m. of additional non-military output (or equivalent reduced consumption) seems a formidable figure. But it should be remembered that it is barely 5 per cent. of the national income. Once the first basic readjustment towards it has been achieved—by a, say, £300-£400 m. cut in armaments—the rest would be relatively easier. It would be a case of preventing consumption from increasing too rapidly as productivity and output expand.

It is obvious that the present obstinate deification of means into ends will prevent a solution of this problem. So long as there is an unrestrained free-for-all in finance and industry, there is no hope of getting the voluntary co-operation of the trade unions. To enforce stability by weakening the unions' power to resist demands ferocious monetary pressure, and would cause considerable unemployment. How is investment to expand in that atmosphere? It can only slump and with it our hopes of meeting even German, let alone U.S. or Soviet, competition.

What is needed is a policy which will safeguard at the same time stability and equity. Its first requirement would be a tax plan aimed at reducing excessive spending by the creation of a far greater budgetary surplus than now contemplated. The second must be the restoration of a limited number of direct controls. These would have to embrace investment (especially building) and imports. Otherwise a new expansion would again dissipate itself in a balance of payments crisis. Finally, some kind of wages policy is unavoidable if we are to concentrate the national effort on increasing investment.

Once the position of Britain and the Sterling Area had been strengthened, the problem of a change of western tactics could be tackled with an authority which Britain at the moment totally lacks because she can contribute so little to the common pool. It has been shown that aid as such, without an attempt to deal with the intrinsic causes of poverty, rarely does good, and may do harm by increasing the consciousness of failure. Thus plans which are based on pouring money down every anti-Communist drain should be rejected. From the Philippines to Algeria and from Egypt to Korea the world is thick with misguided, if well-meaning, attempts to save people from themselves without trying to foster reforms. The time for experiments is rapidly nearing an end in this respect.

Firm but friendly British insistence on the need for far greater flexibility in the choice of means than has hitherto been conceded by America in international economic relations is an essential condition of ending the present rapid drift towards economic inferiority in relation to the Soviet world. A permanent support to poorer regions—including some in western Europe—is essential. It should be financed through a progressive levy on all countries beyond a certain minimum national income per head—an exact parallel on the international plane to progressive national income taxes in Britain and the U.S. Necessary as this is, it is by no means sufficient. An increase in liberalisation might well lead to a further increase in inequality and an actual impoverishment of less favoured regions. The poorer areas must be permitted to foster their interdependence so as to benefit from the possibilities of mass-producing large-scale industry. And they must be free to use such direct controls as seem necessary to squeeze the maximum beneficent investment out of a given subsidy. It is neither good morals nor good economics to support conspicuous waste in the name of a "collective effort at liberty" when Russia grimly, and successfully, concentrates its growing strength on further advance. And this is precisely what has happened almost everywhere in the West. For all the precious American Aid, a sense of success has not been achieved even in Europe and far less so in Asia. Surely a decade of failure is enough.

THOMAS BALOGH

NEXT WEEK

DARK HISTORY

Basil Davidson contributes the first of two articles on the History of Africans

A SWEDISH REST CURE

Giles Playfair describes conditions in an advanced Swedish prison

American Diary

How terrifyingly easy it is for two peoples to misunderstand one another if their main sources of information are confined to one another's newspapers! I was sharply reminded of this, at the time of Malenkov's visit to Britain, by the pained reactions of Americans to pictures of factory girls kissing him on both cheeks. Reading American dispatches from London about the visit, one might almost have shared the U.S. citizen's misgiving that the British had suddenly lost their poise and were going red (we were pink, of course, already). A visiting fireman's task in trying to explain the real situation was not helped when, a day or two later, a report was printed from the London bureau of one of the best-known American news agencies gravely asserting that "triumphal arches" were about to be erected in the Mall for the state visit of B. and K.! It appeared, of course, in innumerable newspapers across the continent and must have done untold mischief. That a world-famous agency should be guilty of such gross ignorance or carelessness was a nasty reflection on its standards of responsibility. We have plenty of room for misunderstanding, and actual grounds for disagreement, without wanton misreporting.

* * *

On the other hand, there are plenty of Americans who are uneasy about their own foreign policy. I suppose I was moving mostly among liberal-minded people, but the fact is I hardly heard a kind word said for Mr. John Foster Dulles, who—his countrymen, both Democratic and Republican, seemed to agree—has a fatal linguistic gift for making his own policies sound worse than they are. In point of fact events of the past few months are forcing that "agonising reappraisal" in directions rather different from those Mr. Dulles's phrase intimated when he uttered it. Among persons of really wide-ranging vision and judgment—such men as Chester Bowles, for instance, or Dr. George Kennan—one finds a ready understanding of the flexible and subtle patterns of our mid-twentieth-century world. "I do not recognise," Kennan has remarked, "the world Mr. Dulles is talking about."

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Meanwhile, within the State Department itself, the Russian policy of economic penetration in the Middle East (à la Germany in the Balkans in the Thirties) is seen to put a country indissolubly wedded to free enterprise at a serious disadvantage vis-à-vis a Communist state, and to have created an urgent need for new thinking. Altogether, although the intellectual, as such, remains dangerously isolated from the common run of opinion, the flat judgment of American attitudes to world affairs often made over here is, I am convinced, much too crude and facile. As for the "intellectuals" themselves—to use again a convenient but rather repulsive label—they understand and appreciate well enough the general approach of British foreign policy. An extremely well-known and experienced student of affairs, who might possibly be put to some embarrassment were I to mention his name, said to me: "Why don't your leaders speak out more strongly when they disagree with ours? We need your country just as much as you need us. Don't be afraid to be firm. And now's the time," he added; "until the end of the year all our policies will be paralysed by the impending election, so *you* take the lead!"

* * *

Another acquaintance (who had also better be nameless, a famous academic figure this time) emphasised the difficulty of breaking down the

ignorance of the man in the street. "People don't know the truth, can't get it if they want it." He rather surprised me by saying that it is not only civil servants, teachers, scientists and suchlike who are timid—under the hangover of McCarthyism—about expressing their personal views; but that even people employed in commerce and business refrain from expressing an "unpopular" opinion lest it might result in cold-shouldering and blocked promotion. He blamed the press—newspapers for ignoring international news, magazines for "slanting" it. (It *is* very difficult, except in the big cities and the few really first-class newspapers—which are magnificent—to get any coherent idea about what is going on outside America—sometimes even outside the individual state!) On the subject of bias, I listened to Paul Butler, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, give a convention of Associated Press representatives in Indiana as straight a piece of talk on the inability of the Democrats to get a fair hearing in the country during election time as any newspaperman can have heard directed against his own craft. His audience seemed almost sympathetic—largely because many of them are Democrats, doing the bidding of Republican masters.

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Why doesn't someone rediscover the technique used so successfully by F.D.R.—to speak directly to the people? Those famous fireside chats could be even more effective with TV. One gets the feeling that the state of public opinion is sufficiently uncertain and receptive to respond overwhelmingly to leadership. But where is the leader to be found? Adlai Stevenson could fulfil the role. In a few days' time we shall know from the results of the primaries in Florida and California whether he has a chance of the nomination. Everyone agrees that unless he makes a good showing there he is finished. The Democrats' prospects are, of course, gravely complicated by the Integration controversy and the virtual impossibility of finding a candidate who could hold both the Negro vote *and* the South. Harry Truman himself says: "Don't worry about the South—I won without it in '48." But that advice wouldn't solve all Stevenson's problems. At first he suffered in his campaigns for the primaries from being accused of stand-offishness, and now, reacting to this criticism, cuts a slightly embarrassed figure at the third-rate job of handshaking—at which Estes Kefauver excels. Besides, his clever tongue is suspect. Americans, like ourselves by and large, seem to prefer their statesment "homey," and would probably feel safer under the father-figure of Ike than the courageous intellect of Adlai.

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What makes the Farm Lobby so powerful in America? Farmers are not nearly so well organised, union-wise, as they are here. There are four rival unions, and a fifth, recently established, is currently making rapid headway in the Middle West. Nor have they as a community the same unity of interests as, comparatively speaking, British farmers have. The economic needs, indeed the very way of life, of the corn farmer in the Middle West is very different from those of the cotton farmer in the West or South, or the big rancher in Texas or Arizona, or again, the struggling red-necks of the Smoky Mountains—all of which I visited. The farm population, moreover, is only about 15 per cent. of the total, yet farmers can command enormous support on Capitol Hill. The reasons are complicated and interesting. First, every state, whatever its population, returns two senators, so the farm states may be said to have a disproportionately big representation. Second, as Americans grow all their own food there is no mirage of cheap imported food to lure the towns into antagonism with the country. Thirdly, their economics are more closely integrated than here. It is estimated that 52 per cent. of all jobs in the country are dependent on what the farms produce, so you tend to find organised Labour ready to support the farmer too. Then there are all the things the townsman sells to farms—fertilisers, tractors, cars and kitchen equipment (even a Negro sharecropper in Louisiana has a car and the smallest family farm its TV, washing machine and deep freeze). So when farm incomes drop—as they have done by some 12 per cent. over the past four years—the urban manufacturer feels the pinch: he sells fewer cars, tractors, less furniture and household goods, to the farmer and his family.

* * *

The Great Depression of the Thirties started with a farm slump some six years earlier—and there are gloomy prophets (usually farmers) who will tell you that the same process has begun again. Since the automobile has become virtually the norm of measurement in American life, the current stand-offs in that industry might be held to be significant. There has also been some recent slowing-down in the volume of domestic building, though factory and office buildings continue to expand at a fabulous rate. There are no grounds for supposing that any serious check is in sight to the great American boom; the man in the street sees no reason why it shouldn't continue for ever. But as one economist put it, "Watch for the man with the hammer" (meaning the builder). "When he stops hammering, the red light will be up."

* * *

The *San Francisco Chronicle* has—or had until recently—a "love-lorn" columnist called Abigail, who is quite a girl. Her job is to deal with the personal domestic and marital worries of readers. Recently a woman wrote to Abigail to beg her advice on how to overcome the domestic unhappiness caused by the fact that her husband had become a passionate bird-fancier. The house, it seems, was full of birds, and their attentions to the drapes and furniture caused much labour and unsightliness. Besides, her husband was neglecting her. In her column Abigail replied: "Dear X, It is clear from what you tell me that your husband is strictly for the birds. Has it ever occurred to you to go buy yourself a darling little pussycat?"

* * *

I couldn't refrain when in Los Angeles from a visit to Forest Lawns, to check up on the veracity of *The Loved One*. In the result I felt like the Queen of Sheba, "Behold, the half was not told me." To do it justice would require almost as much space as its own hypnotising vastness. There is a chapel called "Wee Kirk O' the Heather," and another called the "Recessional" (after Kipling, "the soldier-poet") containing, among assorted bric-à-brac, an oleograph of Queen Victoria, a musical copy of the "Absent-Minded Beggar," ancient magazines with odd Kipling verses and stories—and a copy of *National Velvet*! But what really pulled me up, in the great claustrophobic mausoleum which consists of corridor after corridor lined on either side by tier upon tier of marble vaults, was suddenly to find myself staring straight *into* one such vault—glass-fronted, empty, its clinically white interior floodlit. Within this vacant lot stood four gold cards, each bearing in tasteful typography the following brief but reassuring messages: "Clean," "Dry," "Ventilated" (*ah*!), and—"Easy Terms."

GERALD BARRY

(A further American Diary will appear next week)

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Lord Winster said ". . . the Archbishop did make rather heavy weather of the question of the premium bonds by denouncing them as a gamble which, of course, they are not. For myself I dislike the idea very much indeed, not on the moral grounds advanced by the Archbishop, but because there is to me something rather Latin-American about such bonds."—*Manchester Guardian*. (Elizabeth Gray.)

Sitting with their legs dangling over the tailboard of the lorry, prisoners who are driven twice daily to work at Swynfen Hall, near Lichfield, whistle at girls and read newspapers, claim Lichfield residents.

"It is more like a Sunday school outing than a prison working party," one shopkeeper said.—*Wolverhampton Express and Star*. (A. R. Andrews.)

Two small members of the royal circle of pets who will enjoy their first summer in the "family circle" are the corgi puppies, Whisky and Sherry, born last year. The two little dogs have had to undergo a fairly strict training to teach them the good manners expected of royal pets who accompany their owners on many of their journeys.—*Glasgow Bulletin*. (R. A. Conway.)

Journey to Resita

I HAD come to Rumania with the Harlequin Rugger team, mainly as a parliamentary "pair" for the club's president, Sir Wavell Wakefield. But my interest in the visit went well beyond sport. Before leaving London I had been asked to find out what happened to Rumanian Social Democrats in general and, in particular, to four individuals. One of these four was Traian Cercega, once a member of the steelworkers' trade union and of the Central Committee of the Rumanian Social Democratic party. His name was one of those published in the *Manchester Guardian*, and in the list prepared by the American trade unions. Newspapers in London had reported that Mr. Cercega had been tried and imprisoned some years ago and, more recently, had been transferred to the Butyrka prison in Moscow.

I found at once that, though Mr. Titel Petrescu, one time leader of the Social Democrats, had been in prison for some years, within the past year he had issued a statement that after seeing the achievements of the Workers Party now in power he felt that his opposition had been misguided. He was now free and working in Bucharest. His secretary, Adrian Dimitrian, had also been in prison but, for the first time in some years, had been seen, free, on the streets of Bucharest only a few days previously by a member of the British Legation.

Of Mr. Cercega I could at first learn nothing. But one evening, on going to dinner at the house of the British Minister, I was shown a translation of a letter which that morning had been published in the party paper, *Scinteia*, and which had also been sent to Hugh Gaitskell and the *Daily Herald*. In it, a Mr. Traian Cercega stated that he was alive and well in his home town of Resita, that he had never been imprisoned by the present regime and that he would welcome a visit from a member of the British Labour Party if Mr. Gaitskell would send one out.

I managed to make the journey to Resita on Saturday evening, after the Harlequins' final match. I asked to be accompanied by Mr. Len Dudley, a film cameraman from Independent

Television News who was covering the Harlequin games, with his camera, and by Mr. Terry O'Connor, the Rugby correspondent of the *Evening News*. I also asked for a loan of a tape recorder from the Bucharest radio station. All these requests were immediately granted, except for the tape recorder. All the tape recorders in Bucharest, it appeared, were being used that night.

As the Saturday night train moved slowly out I stood alone in the corridor and watched the fading lights of Bucharest. I had been in the country only five days. I had seen many things that impressed me. And yet . . . before I left London I had heard of Communist repression and brutalities in Rumania, and some of these stories had been confirmed by British people whom I had met in Bucharest; and though even the most critical westerners in Bucharest now agreed that in this respect, during the past twelve months and especially in the past three months, repressions had eased markedly, I found myself caught in the atmosphere of suspicion. Was this trip going to be just a wild goose chase? Would the man I was going to see really be Cercega, whom I did not know by sight? If really Cercega, had he just been brought out of prison temporarily, merely to fool a visiting Labour M.P.? Would security men ensure that Cercega gave only "correct" answers? There doubts remained as, on Sunday morning, the train drew into the steel town of Resita.

There, on the platform, a group of men awaited us. The Mayor was there, and the manager of the steelworks, which once was owned by Vickers, some officials, a reporter and two cameramen. There was also a lean, sun-tanned, humorous-eyed man whom, I was told, was Traian Cercega. As I shook hands he said: "This is a great emotional moment for me. I'm surprised and glad that you have accepted my invitation so soon." Then, taking my arm, he walked me alone to a taxi and drove me through rough cobbled streets, bumpier even than usual because the main water supply had just been laid, past blocks of newly building steelworkers' flats, to his house. There he introduced me to his wife and two-year-old son and went through the introductions again for the benefit of the television camera as soon as the rest of our party caught up with us. Then we went into the house, part of a single-storey terrace, with a small kitchen, a bedroom and a living room. The house was unpretentious but comfortable, with pleasant furniture and those personal knick-knacks which turn a place into a home.

"Have you ever been in Russia?" I asked. "Never," said Mr. Cercega. "I heard that in foreign broadcasts from Britain and France and on the Voice of America they were saying that I was in a Russian prison and that an Austrian fellow-prisoner had communicated with me by tapping on the wall with a glass. Here is my son. He is two years old. I didn't get him by tapping on prison walls with glasses."

"Have you ever been in prison?" "Yes, during the German occupation of Rumania, with thirty-two others." "Not since?" "No." I was sure that at any rate he had not recently been in prison, for his skin was clear, his eyes lively, and his movements firm. But was this the Cercega I was looking for? Mr. Dudley had taken moving pictures of him. Cercega himself gave me photographs of himself. I have since shown these pictures to men in London who knew him. They confirm that the man I met was, in fact, Cercega.

Then, with Mr. O'Connor taking notes and Mr. Dudley playing his camera from time to time, I began the real questioning. Did he agree with the fusion which took place between the Communists and Social Democrats in 1948? "Yes," he said. "I helped to negotiate it. . . . You see, it was really the Nazis who made the Socialists and Communists one."

"But not all Social Democrats agreed with you?" "No, there was a minority who opposed fusion." "What happened to that minority?" "I do not know." "Mr. Cercega, do you really not know that your old leader, Mr. Petrescu, was imprisoned." "I only knew that when I saw his statement in the papers some time back." "And the others?" "I did not know what had happened to them. I live in Resita. It is a long way from Bucharest." "Mr. Cercega, if in my country Mr. Bevan or Mr. Gaitskell suddenly disappeared from public life, I should try to find out what had happened to them. Why didn't you try to find out what had happened to your old colleagues?" "I was in Resita. It is a long way from Bucharest."

To some of my questions Mr. Cercega gave prompt answers, looking straight at me, but just now he was hesitant and looked down.

"Don't you agree, as an old Social Democrat, that one should be free to criticise the regime?" "Certainly, until the decision is taken. Then one must accept the will of the majority. That is democracy." "But in my own country the whole of the Conservative Party and a majority of the Labour Party are in favour of German rearmament. I oppose it and am allowed to go on opposing it. Do you not think this is right?" A pause, then: "I think you are right . . . but I do not think that criticisms which affect the safety of the state should be allowed. For concrete example, I would not permit people to collaborate with Nazis." "Mr. Cercega, are you really saying that some of your old colleagues, who have been imprisoned, collaborated with the Nazis?" A long pause . . . then: "Some did."

The questioning lasted two hours and at the end of it I was puzzled by several things. If Cercega, as a Social Democrat, fully supported fusion with the Communists—and there is some evidence that, despite his statements to me, he in fact opposed it—how was it that he had not since held the high office which his known ability and his propaganda value to the Workers Party would normally have won him? How was it that he was working as just an ordinary moulder in a steel works? Further, in many of the lists published abroad of supposed political prisoners, Cercega's name has always been coupled with those of Hromadtca and Mustetsiu, two of his closest former colleagues. Both of these come from Resita but at the time of my visit were said to be away on holiday, which could easily be so. But why, if they are at liberty, did they not also sign Cercega's now famous letter?

My impression was that though Cercega was equivocal about his former colleagues, he was genuinely impressed with the achievements of the Communist regime, as are many Social Democrats in eastern Europe. I also got the impression, from this interview and from what I saw and heard in Rumania, that the growing assurance of the Communists in their own position, combined to a considerable extent with the British Labour Party's insistence on probing into the fate of its comrades abroad, is causing a gradual lightening of those repressions and persecutions which, if they persisted, would so seriously divide the British and the Rumanian peoples.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

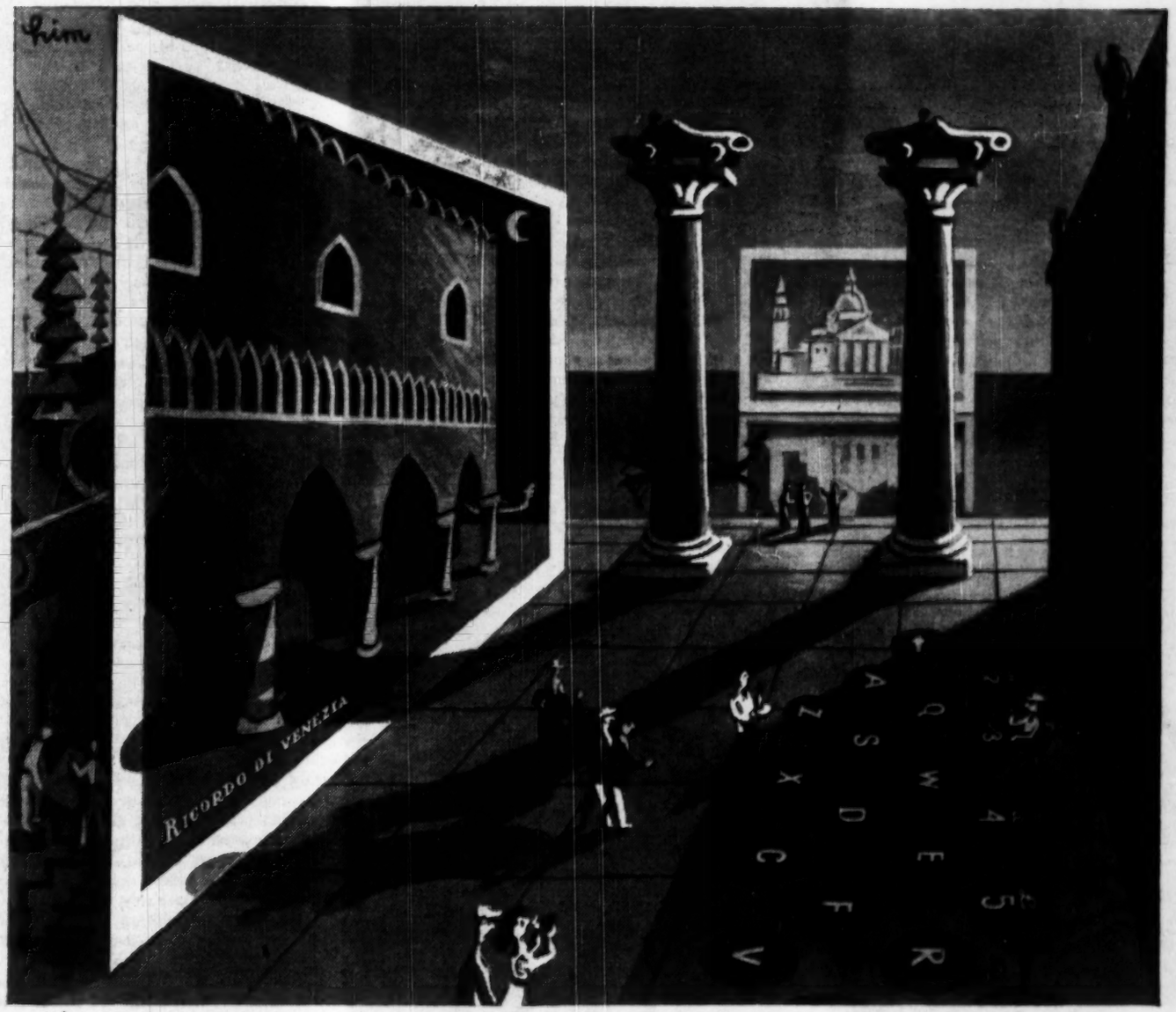
Fleet Street Notebook

Advertising is going up in the world: arrangements have been made for the establishment of a research fellowship in Advertising and Promotional Activity at the London School of Economics, and there are strong hopes that a Chair of Advertising may follow soon. This puts advertising well ahead of journalism, which has never rated higher than a diploma course—long since abandoned—at University College before the war. So advertising now has its revenge for the days when editors instructed their staffs that journalists did not mix with the lower orders in the advertisement office. It is no doubt appropriate that this particular academic revenge should coincide with the diamond jubilee of the new journalism. Although when he had made all the money he wanted, Northcliffe permitted himself one wild, mad gesture of journalistic contempt for the advertiser by suddenly promoting his commissionaire to advertisement director, there is no doubt that from the first number of the *Daily Mail* in May, 1896, the rise of advertising power in Fleet Street was certain.

This seems a good moment to take a look at the present balance of power between the two sides of the newspaper industry—a subject on which, by and large, more nonsense has been talked over the years than on almost any other. According to reliable estimates, recently supported by the latest survey published by the International Advertising Association, it seems probable that the British bill for press advertising this year will be somewhere around £210,000,000. This is about 60 per cent. of the total spent on all advertising in this country. Of this £210,000,000, between 25 per cent. and 30 per cent. is likely to be distributed among national morning newspapers alone. Incidentally, it is worth remarking that, in 1937, the total bill for all advertising in Britain was only some £85,000,000—high enough to cause anxiety among many economists concerned with the proper employment of the national income.

With so much money clamouring for space to spread itself in, the outlook for the press ought to be rosy. It is far from being so. Advertisement expenditure and advertising rates have both soared in recent years. But costs have risen even more. Even the most prosperous newspaper concerns are now finding it less and less easy to make money. The *Daily Mirror*, with the largest daily circulation on earth, has found itself faced with a fall of over £195,000 in its net profit for the year which ended on February 29, compared with the previous twelve months. The profits of the *Sunday Pictorial* are also down, although not so much. So are those of Odhams Press, though its great periodical and other interests blanket it against the cold winds that blow about the *Herald*.

The advertiser has the money to spend. Newspapers need it badly. And there is, of course, a new guest at the feast—commercial television. Not that commercial television is getting much, relatively speaking, so far. The total amount gleaned in advertising by the programme contractors this year is unlikely all told to be much more than a twentieth or so of the amount taken by the press. Nevertheless commercial television is a serious competitor for the marginal spending that can make all the difference between a higher net profit and a reduced one—or even in some cases no profit at all. In such circumstances and with most newspaper circulations now stationary or falling, the combined power of advertisers is



EUROPE in PERSchwepptive

Let us take you to ITALY where it is difficult to disentangle the total mixture from the general impression, where millennium is dovetailed with millennium, B.C. is mixed with A.D., and A.D. tangled up in M.M. (Mille Miglia). And this is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

Here mid her fertile galleries, the priceless treasures of the plains lined with cypresses, and the Via Latina lined with advertisements, is a twin-engined Uccello. The Guardi has a souped-up double rustication which comes into action at revs. 140. In the able hands of Palladio the Buonarotti (Sistine cylinders) cornered beautifully. Masaccio then took the lead near the historic spot, marked by the lovely Campanile of Carburetti, where Caesar (Consul) issued his Fiat, but he was quickly overhauled by Bottischwelli in his Isotta-Franschweppski And here is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

Such pictures by no means cover every aspect of this land of music and melody, where, though the sounding of horns is banned in the principal cities, it is often more practical, and certainly far more noisy, to draw attention to one's presence by a sudden acceleration in neutral. And this is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

rising fast. It is unnecessary to be melodramatic about this power. Neither large advertisers nor advertising agents can ring up newspapers and tell them what their editorial policies should be. Nevertheless when the balance tips on the advertisers' side to the extent that it is now doing, the total effect is bound to be a bias towards what is considered entertaining, optimistic, easy to read, conducive to the buying mood.

So too is the importance of that far reaching product of the Northcliffe revolution of sixty years ago—the net sales certificate. It was the massive exploitation for the first time in daily journalism of the net sales certificate by Northcliffe and his brother Rothermere, with its lifting of circulation to the status of an end in itself almost unrelated to the traditional editorial purposes of newspapers, that, even more than their journalistic innovations, brought the new journalism into existence. It marked the beginning of the commercialisation of the press. Now, after a period of diminished influence during the war and post-war years, when advertisers were only too ready to pay for any space they could get hold of, the net sales certificate is once again the king.

We may also before long—at least if we follow the American path—find ourselves required to accept a much larger proportion of advertising to editorial matter in our newspapers. Recently the average in the British daily press has been roughly two thirds editorial matter to one third advertisements. Before the war it was about fifty-fifty. In the United States, however, this proportion has now been almost exactly reversed. A recent survey of 96 morning, 145 evening and 137 Sunday papers quoted in *Editor and Publisher* has produced the remarkable conclusion, liable to make any British advertisement manager dizzy with dreams of grandeur, that on average American papers of all categories now devote well over 60 per cent. of their space to advertising. In many instances in fact advertising takes 74 per cent. or more of the total. American newspapers have been able to keep their editorial heads above water in this ocean of advertising by publishing larger and larger papers. British newspapers are in no position to do so.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Mid-Ulster Fantasy

AFTER three elections in the course of a year, Mid-Ulster seems at last to have returned a member legally qualified to take his seat. With Thomas Mitchell in the role of John Wilkes, the Mid-Ulster campaign has been the most remarkable since the Middlesex campaign of the 18th century and only just failed to match its non-stop repetition. It will take its place in election history as a commentary on the Irish political scene of the 20th century and on the anomalies of the English election law. The farcical situation resulting from these anomalies could occur again; and, while it has not been without humour, it has involved an absurd waste of public money and reduced the law to contempt.

Until 1955, Mid-Ulster, one of the northern counties opposed to the partition of Ireland, returned a Nationalist to Westminster. At the general election in May last year, however, there was a change of tactics. The Nationalists, pledged to end partition by constitutional means, withdrew their candidate and left the field to the Sinn Feiners who were committed to end partition by physical force. To them the Queen is the head of a foreign state and they spurned the idea of taking an oath of allegiance as a betrayal of their cause; their only purpose in contesting the constituency was to boycott parliament if they won. To make doubly sure that their representative stayed away, they nominated an ardent Sinn Feiner serving a sentence of ten years for being involved in the armed attack on the British military barracks at Omagh in 1954. Mitchell lived in Dublin and was a citizen of Eire, a republic outside the British Commonwealth. Nevertheless, in the ordinary way he would have been eligible to sit in the British parliament. By the Forfeiture for Felony Act, 1870, however, as a person serving more than twelve months for felony, he was disqualified from doing so. The passionate declaration in his election address sent out from prison that, if elected, he would in no circumstances take his seat stirred the fervour of his supporters. When the votes were counted after the election, Mitchell was at the top of the poll.

When the new House of Commons met and was informed that Mitchell was a convicted felon, some members argued that the right of the electors to determine who should represent them in parliament included the right to decide that nobody should; and they urged that matters should rest as they were. The Attorney General, however, took the view that as Mitchell was disqualified by law, a vacancy existed which required to be filled. The result was a writ for another election: Mitchell was promptly re-nominated.

People everywhere wondered how it was that a person incapable of being elected to parliament was permitted to be a candidate. The explanation given to the Commons by the Attorney General was that a system could not be devised to determine in advance of an election the eligibility of a candidate. The returning officer had no authority to do so, his function being administrative and not judicial. It would, moreover, put too great a burden on the returning officer to make him responsible for deciding whether the candidate was of unsound mind, a bankrupt, the holder of an office of profit under the Crown, a person convicted of corrupt practice or otherwise was ineligible to take his seat, if elected. Such inquiries might take a considerable time and indefinitely delay an election. Once the returning officer was satisfied the nomination was regular—that the candidate was properly proposed and seconded and had signed the necessary consent—he had discharged his duty and could not go behind the nomination to inquire into the candidate's eligibility.

The second election, which took place last August, was a replica of the first. Once again the name Mitchell "of H.M. Prison, Belfast" was printed on the ballot paper. Again Mr. Charles Beattie, nominated by the Unionists, was the other candidate. The election was a lively one; and when it was over Mitchell topped the poll, this time with a bigger majority, and was again declared elected. Beattie, who at the general election had accepted the verdict, this time spared parliament the embarrassment of dealing with the situation by petitioning the court to unseat Mitchell. The court held that, as Mitchell was disqualified by law, all votes cast for him—some 30,000—were thrown away. He was thus unseated and Beattie, being the only other candidate, was declared elected. The electors were understandably puzzled: why, after being summoned to choose between the two candidates, were they disfranchised when they did so?

The twice defeated Beattie set off for Westminster—member for the Queen's Bench Division, he was dubbed, since he took his seat by judgment of the court rather than of the electors. But he did not savour his triumph for long. Just as he was settling down to his parliamentary duties it was discovered that certain tribunals in Northern Ireland, of which he was a member, were offices of profit under the Crown and, although they brought him no profit, rendered him ineligible to sit in parliament. In the ordinary way his election would have been validated by legislation, as had been done in the case of several members in the same predicament in the present parliament; but Mr. Beattie having obtained his seat by establishing that his opponent was debarred by statute, justice demanded that as he was similarly debarred—though not under the same statute—the law should take its course. So Mr. Beattie left Westminster to reflect on the harshness of fate which made a public-spirited and unpaid service a disqualification for a seat in parliament. He doubtless agreed with Sir Winston Churchill that offices of profit are a matter of "complexity and obscurity."

For the third time an election writ was issued; for the third time Mitchell interrupted his prison labours to sign his nomination papers; though ineligible and twice disqualified, once by parliament and once by the court, he was first in the field. This time Mr. Michael O'Neill, who had held the seat as a Nationalist till 1955, re-entered the contest. The Unionists, having twice burnt their fingers, at first decided to leave the fight to the anti-partitionists, hoping the Nationalists would prevail over the Sinn Fein advocates of violence. A revolt against this decision among the rank-and-file resulted in the nomination of Mr. George Forrest five minutes before nominations closed. He stood as an unofficial Unionist and said his purpose was to prove that Mid-Ulster was staunch for union with Britain; relying on the patriotic fervour of loyal Ulstermen, he did not hold a single meeting. Nearly 90 per cent. of the electorate voted at this month's election, and Mr. Forrest, as the result of the split in the republican vote, was comfortably elected. The significant features of the election were that the Nationalist lost his deposit, and the heavy vote cast for the Sinn Feiner—particularly heavy in view of the fact that, after the border raids which culminated in the attack on the Roslea police station at the end of last year, the Catholic Hierarchy in Ireland had issued a warning that it was sinful for Catholics to approve or assist any terrorist organisation.

The position after Mid-Ulster is that a bill is before parliament, clarifying what constitutes office of profit under the Crown. This should enable members in future to avoid being victims of these offices—"booby traps," as they have been called. No action, however, is pending to prevent a felon from contesting an election. Until there is the Mid-Ulster farce could be repeated. It is true that a returning officer has very restricted power; but the Representation of the People Act, 1949, allows him a certain authority which suggests a way out. If before the poll it is proved to his satisfaction that one of the candidates is dead, he can discontinue the election and start afresh; it would really be carrying lunacy too far if the dead could be elected. It should likewise be possible to prove to the satisfaction of the returning officer, say on the certificate of the prison governor, that one of the candidates is a felon serving a disqualifying sentence. Such a provision would prevent another Mid-Ulster fantasy; and, while that might spoil a certain amount of fun, most people would probably agree that it would also be in the public interest.

H. PHILLIP LEVY

Give a Dog a Bad Book

"I AM extremely grateful," wrote Madame Rimbaud to her son's schoolmaster, M. Izambard, "... for all that you are doing for Arthur ... but there is one thing I cannot approve of ... the reading of the book you lent him the other day. You must realise, even better than I, that great care is needed in the choice of books that are put in the hands of children. ..."

Rimbaud was fifteen and the book was *Les Misérables*. Madame Rimbaud, hawk-like and despairing, had discovered this—as she had also discovered Musset's *Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*. But she had missed Villon, Montesquieu, Rabelais and Meleager, all from the same library. There, one might exclaim, is a dire example of what can happen when reading guidance is withdrawn from the young, or worse, when the wrong kind is given! Read Musset instead of Madame de Genlis and—well, look at Rimbaud! Could one say more?

Look at Lady Jane Grey. She raced through all the literature of Greece and Rome, hurried along by some tragic clairvoyance that life for her was particularly transient, to come out upon the scaffold with weak eyes and a pustular grief. If she had only stuck to a psalter or a herbal might she not have fared better? "*That* swot!" Mary might have exclaimed at Framlingham when they brought the news to her, academic precocity being the last straw when added to regal pretensions. And there are other instances: George Orwell rejecting Henty for Samuel Butler at thirteen and Mr. Cyril Connolly absorbed in *Sinister Street* at the same tender age.

I am reminded of these things because of a classified book-list which has been sent to me. It is headed, "What Children Should Read." There are many restrictions, conditions, clauses and recommendations. *The Master of Ballantrae* may be read at thirteen, but not at twelve. *Wuthering Heights*, that shout of desolating love, is, Madame Rimbaud would have been interested to hear, "very suitable for girls of fifteen." So is *Emma*, the wittiest novel in the language. But these are exceptions. They are the classics and as such, one of the more frightening facets of adolescence. They are like heady peaks in an asphalt waste where Biggles and Little Noddy scrap it out. My own case was different.

When I was a child we lived in a house where no book was ever thrown away. They found their niche, a lasting one in most instances, by a strange colandery process. The solids, the sets of Thackeray, Dickens, Ruskin, the bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, the poets, the priests—Gore and Headlam and the beautiful St. Augustine—the money-spinners of the first quarter, Wells, Bennett and Mrs. Wharton, the Bible in a dozen variants from limp morocco and Dr. Moffatt, to embossed boards and Doré: the how-to-do-it boys and *Pears Cyclopædia*, all stayed upstairs. They were all right. The trifles, the shives, chips, tatters, scantlings, the *debris* of reading matter, filtered through to lower regions to nestle like the scorned of any faction in a disreputable basement propinquity.

One day I found them. I was thirteen, I think. I saw them, like a raffish treasure, bulging in a sagging bookcase, really a dresser, in a forsaken kitchen deep down where the legs of passers-by in the street outside sent nervous shadows across a rusty range. There were hundreds of them, mostly rubbish and all wonderfully readable. I hardly knew where to start. I had no taste. I knew what I liked, which was anything in covers, provided it was allied to a complete lack of surveillance. So I sat in the kitchen for complete holidays on end; and its smell, a fœtid *pourri* of suet and blacking, would possess all the evocative power of a tuberose had I ever the good fortune to meet it again.

As it happens, this omnivorous, gorging, guzzling beginning to my reading life was brought back to me by a recent obituary notice of the death of Miss Ruby M. Ayres. She wrote a novel which made me weep. It was called *Paper Roses*. Recollecting it now, I realise that her formula for pathos was the age-old one of Harlequin and Columbine, the dilemma of those condemned to a wistful hinterland between fact and fantasy. Her circus girl and noble youth whose love was no match for the conventions, are the same reluctant figures parting on the shore in Watteau's *L'Embarquement pour Cythere*. They belong to *Le Gilles* with his baffling stillness, the dream world of pantomime behind the suicide of Richard Middleton, (Who has read *The Pantomime Man* now?), Alain-Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes*, Byron's protracted Venetian *bal masqué* before he faced the feverish truth of Missolonghi—even the silly little things who spend half a year making a ridiculous costume for one daft night at the Chelsea Arts Ball. I knew nothing of such things then, of course, but *Paper Roses* had for me at thirteen a hint of what I would later enjoy.

In a more seemly vein there was Francis Marion Crawford. Your great-aunt may have read him, but you have not. I have read him—every one. I liked *Arethusa* best and next to it, *Don Orsino*. Crawford was an American who preferred to live in Italy. He was born just a hundred years ago. I looked him up in a biographical dictionary hushed with contemporary discretion. "Mr. Crawford's writings have been chiefly in the line of fiction. ..." it informed me. So true. F. Marion Crawford was wholly, wildly, gloriously fictitious. He was the poor man's Arthur Symonds when Willie Maugham took tea with Augustus Hare. How I loved him!

The poetry down there was Scott and Tom Moore. I was surprised to find it. Both were handsome books and should have been better lodged. Yet I was glad that they weren't. Had they not been so spitefully relegated I doubt if I should have even troubled to open them. There was a power in the basement kitchen which made any book desirable. Of the Scott I can only remember one thing, an engraving with a single line of poetry possessing for me then an indescribable potency. A lady was passing down the roofless length of Melrose. Her skirts, caught in the bitter wind, trailed and whipped about the gravestones. She held out an arm in a remorseful gesture of departure. The moon winked down on her through a flurry of cloud and clerestory. The single line was, "Thou hast led me with music and the pomp of flowers to my eternal ruin ..." It was huge poetry to me. I caught my breath every time I read it. The Moore was *Lalla Rookh*, a pre-Matisse excursion into the enigmatic land of the *odalisque*, where "kiosk" was still a pretty word and amorous tents were set up in the silences of Baalbek to confute virtue "the cold enemy of bliss." I enjoyed Daniel Maclise's drawings and had no doubt at all that the kitar music which lulled the plump Circassians to sleep was infinitely to be preferred to the sounds emitted by London Regional in the room above me.

But by recalling the poetry, I have passed by the novels and it was these that really enchanted me. There were a great many of the type epitomised by the advertisement now to be found on the jacket of their chief present-day example, "Somewhere ..." (somehow, the blurb goes), "... in a gunroom ... a laugh is heard ... a look is shared ... It is one admirer of the novels of Major Dornford Yates discovering another ..." My own discovery of the pseudo-sadistic-society novel with its world of motors being raced from Brasov to the frontier by scarred chauffeurs, whisky conclaves at Invergordon, diplomatic immunity, princesses and country house passions was made at a shockingly early date, mostly through Le Queux. *Stolen Goods* was one and there was also *The Crystal Claw*, *Zoraida* and, unnecessary to add, *Secrets of Monte Carlo*. I

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don't remember much about them now. Their seedy ingredients lurk vaguely in my mind; luxurious journeys with gunning interludes, beaded women sinuously approaching the side entrance of the Gare du Nord and a fair amount of high snobbery in the Cotswolds. Not for me the shared gunroom look—alas! I am surfeited, sickened long since by too much Le Queux ever to hanker again for the Cannes-and-arrogance crowd, Drummond, Jeeves, Carruthers, the Duchess of X, Berry and Co.

Should it be thought that Le Queux was an outsider at this smart literary game, a wayward curate or the gardening expert for *Answers*, for instance, let me say at once that he practised what he preached. He was our consul for the Republic of San Marino, a commander of the Orders of St. Sava of Serbia, Danilo of Montenegro and Crown of Italy. Revolver practice was his recreation and sturgeon his customary dish.

There was so much more. Dog-eared guides to the Prado and the Pitti Palace, bound copies of *The Quiver* and *Hibbert Journal*, the latter amazing me by its consistent incomprehensibility, the complete works of that humble precursor of the Deep South School, Gene Stratton Porter, endless mouldy *Punches*, all Bulwer Lytton and all Charles Lever, *Chum-chats with Uncle Reg* and a great Shakespeare in three volumes which I ruined by using it to press flowers in, dozens of brittle little Tauchnitz editions of everybody from Rhoda Broughton to Goethe and goodness knows what else.

For my part, I read what I could, passing over the frankly impossible, picking out the succulent and the half-digestible in a long gluttony before this literary stew so well-laced with tripe. It should have ruined me—perhaps it has. All I know now is that I shall never read with such intense pleasure again.

RONALD BLYTHE

Hush-Hush Circus

The Moscow Circus, of thirteen bears, five horses, two geese, two parrots and one dog will not be allowed to meet any British animals in England.
News item.

The Moghuls of our M.I.5
Know no accepted norm;
They jig in a mysterious jive
Their blunders to perform.
The guests whom we invite to dine
Are dogged by sleuths who snoop
Like foreign bodies in the wine—
And now they're in the soup.

The Host, if people make a fuss,
Though tardily, will own
The uses of asparagus
To hide a microphone;
Such trifling—if he can't deny—
He sadly will admit;
But—though he cannot tell you why—
He never knew of it.

The Moscow Circus now is here,
The atmosphere is tense;
A sinister intent is clear
To our Intelligence;
There is no greater threat to peace
Than that which they have found
In thirteen bears, five horses, geese,
Two parrots and a hound.

This Circus Moscopolitan
To probe I have a ruse;
Surely some British Agent can
Impersonate a goose?
Or Cloak-and-Dagger men could truck
With fillies for a carrot—
And, if the plot should come unstuck,
Let Eden play the parrot.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Arts and Entertainment

Polish, German, Italian

THE Academy is dead. Long Live the Academy. Otherwise, William Roberts, Spear, Weight, Fitton, Lambert, John Titchell, Sydney Harpley and a few others live in a palace of waxworks.

At the R.W.S. Galleries there is an exhibition of Polish Folk Art. Folk art is in some ways rather like nature itself; both can be used to justify excessive sentimentality—the love of thatch and the hatred of pylons; both often attract those who want to lose the responsibility of their self-consciousness; but equally, both, studied objectively, can greatly increase our knowledge of man's needs. Does the need for naïve art only exist in a village society? What exactly does the machine destroy and what craft opportunities does it create? Will there finally be a spontaneous popular art of the cities—as Léger suggested? These are the kind of questions on which this excellently arranged show is based, whilst the long introduction to the catalogue by Aleksander Jackowski is one of the most illuminating essays I have read on the subject. Because of its traditions and recent history, Poland today is probably in a stronger position than any other country in the world to investigate and experiment with these problems. This is also an exhibition to see purely for its visual liveliness —its garlands, bright paper-cuts, patriarchs carved into beehives, toys, and modern textiles.

Will the exhibition of German painting (1850-1950) at the Tate increase appreciation of German art in this country? I doubt it. It is a rich, sensible exhibition—though it is a pity that Barlach, the last great Christian sculptor, and Kathe Kollwitz are both denied in the same way as the People's Republic.

The British antipathy to German art is a very deep one, and springs, I suspect, from our suspicion of all forms of obvious emotional or religious yearning. Although there are few works here on religious themes, the spirit behind most of them is visionary, metaphysical, fervently idealistic—in the philosophical sense. It is there in Menzel's picture (1872) of macabre plaster heads and torsos hanging on a studio wall. It flows straight from Von Marée's very original and aloof nineteenth-century triptych to Beckmann's threatening and marvellously constructed modern versions of old myths. It reaches a crescendo of crisis in the paintings of Nolde and his fellow *Die Brücke* expressionists. The catalogue incidentally suggests that they were not expressionists but rather the German equivalent of the Fauves. But it is precisely their metaphysics which entirely separate them from Fauvist hedonism. They wanted to paint icons of men and women, but agonisingly doubted the dignity of their subjects. This is made very clear in their treatment of sex. Visionary works are often ambiguously sexual, but the ambiguity is slightly weighted towards the vision. In these pictures the ambiguity works in the opposite way, and because there still *is* ambiguity, there is guilt. Magdalene is made more of a prostitute than she is Magdalene and to compensate for this the intensity of her unearthly longing also has to be increased. Or the metaphysical yearning leads to Klee's Unconscious, or Kandinsky's Heaven of pure colour and movement.

Yet, before we dismiss all this as "unhealthy," we might recognise that these German artists bared the modern intellectual's crisis of conscience more ruthlessly and honestly than any others. Where is the aspiration in materialism? Where is the modern effectiveness of religion? They are not unanswerable questions and they need not end in the disaster of the Weimar Republic, but they had to be asked. And we might also realise that without this general German spirit Liebermann and Kokoschka, who are great artists, and Beckmann, who is a considerable if not a great one, could never have developed in the way they did; Liebermann could never have painted Impressionist pictures that were so psychologically penetrating and tender—Pissarro wanted to but couldn't; Kokoschka could never have painted portraits as disclosing as that of Max Brauer, who looks up, composed *and* startled, as if the unbidden spectator had suddenly opened the door of his room; and Beckmann could never have had the perspective to turn contemporary crises into something as imposingly formal as the Greek theatre.

The Guttuso exhibition has now been followed up at the Leicester Galleries by a show of nine other painters of the Italian Realist movement. Again the British tend to be suspicious of movements, claiming that they all peter out anyway. But this is not a movement in the usual studio sense of the word. It has no compulsorily narrow æsthetic and certainly no uniform style: on one hand, for example, there are Migneco's flat, formalised, sun-sharp canvases somewhat reminiscent of Sicilian cart paintings: and on the other hand, there are Bueno's pictures, rather monochromatic, naturalistic, and owing everything, as in a film shot (*Open City* is comparable in mood), to the image itself, and nothing to the screen or canvas on which it is projected. Indeed one of the great advantages of Italian art still is that not only personal temperaments but also geographical districts can distinguish painters. The estuary light of Fruili permeates everything Zigaina paints; whilst Pizzinato at Venice, only fifty miles away, is indisputably Venetian.

All that binds these artists together is a similar sense of duty: they intend that their works should inspire their fellow-countrymen in their struggle for a better life. The average Italian income per head is about £100 a year. But what, scream the comfortable æsthetes, has this to do with art? A great deal. Look. How do the pictures here differ from, say, two roomfulls at the London Group? They lack mannerism. Not entirely, but comparatively. And they lack mannerism, which is what destroys all but the most imaginative artists today, because they have a sense of service and purpose. In terms of art alone mannerism can always be justified. It is only a moral attitude to nature (life) that can effectively destroy mannerism. The question to ask is not: How talented are these artists? But: How fully are they able to use their talents? And then before considering details (*O my dear, I don't like his use of pigment at all*!), see how easy or difficult they make it for one to deny the life of their subjects —the couple on the bed, the villagers round the grave, the tunny-fishers, the peasants of the province given a stone instead of bread—Calabria.

Those are the primary problems. But I should like to add that I believe that Zigaina (aged 32) and Trecanni (aged 35) are among the most hopeful European painters of their generation. Zigaina's large canvas of the villagers round the grave of a partisan has weaknesses—the head of the nearest man on the right, for instance—but it also has immense, justified ambition and originality. Imagine the task of painting eight portraits, a day's work implied in each posture, and the dusk light claiming all appearances on its own terms. Like Géricault, he can make the silhouette of a head appear as momentous as an eclipse of the sun, and at the same time make a face, lost in half tone, appear to be *breathing* such light as there is.

Trecanni is modest, unambitious and prone to constant correcting. His Calabrian peasants are painted with the quietness of a Corot and yet are monumental. He is like a village schoolmaster (though not in the least pedantic) who might end up as prime minister. He paints a forearm remembering that a line is a series of points, but knowing that when they are right they become a contour which is a series of minute horizons at fluidly different angles to one another, whose illusion moves with the arm itself. And by this he teaches us how much the arm carries.

JOHN BERGER

Save? What for? Few of the up-and-coming generation have ever known a rainy day: is it surprising that many do not think to save? Yet the need for saving, *regular* saving, is great—in their own interests and in the Country's.

How best to save? Life Assurance—the greatest single source of regular personal saving—offers protection for the newly married, provision for the newly born, and security in later years. People save for the future through Life Assurance, because of a confidence justified by a long record of integrity and sound management.

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Les Ballets de Paris

THE Bohemian sophistication of Roland Petit's French company is refreshing after the bourgeois staidness that permeates British ballet. But there is no doubt that, in the first programme of a four weeks' season at the Palace Theatre, M. Petit showed a disappointing lack of new ideas, although two of the ballets were new to London. We do not complain—at least not often—of the dearth of fresh conceptions at Covent Garden, because this is not the role Heaven and Dame Ninette de Valois have assigned to the Sadler's Wells company. But M. Petit is the one young director-choreographer who has pretty consistently presented ballets conveying that curiously elusive quality which is a reflection of contemporary emotion and contemporary thought. It is therefore from him that we may expect the lively and new-fangled ideas.

Le Loup and *Carmen*, both excellent examples of Petit's work, were produced some years ago. They stand up to repetition well, though this season neither is as carefully presented as it deserves. *Le Loup* is a romantic and macabre fairy tale of gipsies, woods and a wolf; but M. Robert Pomie's wolf is not convincing. That expert dancer, Mlle Violette Verdy, has turned into a hard-bitten little wolf-bride. The mystery of her enchanted love for a rapacious animal no longer floats as in an aura about her beautiful fair hair, while poor lighting has driven much of the strange secrecy out of Carzou's exquisite forest.

The *Carmen* ballet is a frothy version of the opera, full of erotic charm. The cigarettes, the bedroom and the murder are all flecked with a froth of passion. M. Petit is as handsome and amorous a hero as ever; but Mlle Renée Jeanmaire has lost her spontaneity as Carmen. There is a thicker quality to her movement and an emotional deliberation that makes the bedroom scene slow, in spite of its choreographic and decorative beauty.

La Chambre, one of the new ballets, is a symbolical murder story by Simenon. A young man is in a room with a stove and a stove pipe. He opens the curtain to see a young woman with a lot of straight black hair at the window of the garret opposite. She comes across the roof with long, stretching movements of her arms and legs. The young man is then seduced and murdered by this elegantly spiderish female. The ballet is directly descended from *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*, and is in the same way momentarily enthralling. Petit has great dramatic power, he is preoccupied with kitchen tables and chairs and passionate love. But beyond this he can invent fascinating combinations of movement. Their special satisfaction lies in the fact that each gesture is counterbalanced, so that no action ever appears to be unfinished.

Les Belles Damnées starts as an amiably vulgar satire in hell; but it soon disintegrates into a string of pirouettes which, instead of heightening the fun, make one realise that pirouettes are too often hellishly boring.

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A Test Case

IF I were Mr. George Devine I should regard *Look Back in Anger* as something of a test case. This is just the sort of play which the English Stage Company was created to produce; and it was created in the belief that a great capital like ours could produce an audience loyal and interested enough to invest a few shillings a week in supporting experiments like this one. If there is such an audience, let them show their interest by filling out the performances of this play. If there is not, let us all stop pretending there is, and complaining that no one comes along to do just what Mr. Devine is now doing.

Of course, *Look Back in Anger* is not a perfect play. But it is a most exciting one, abounding with life and vitality, and the life it deals with is life as it is lived at this very moment—not a common enough subject in the English theatre. The three young people who are crowded together in a top flat in some Midlands town, are being slowly destroyed. Jimmy Porter, the protagonist, is a brilliant young intellectual adrift, and since he can find no other way of using it, he is employing his intelligence to punish himself and everyone round him. It is a dazzling performance, and he knows it (he is not an attractive hero). It is also a monstrous one, and he knows that, too. But he can't stop it; the self-destroyers never can. He has seen through all the tricks of self-deception by which we people persuade ourselves that life is worth living, and debunks them in a brilliantly funny series of tirades. His is the genuinely modern accent—one can hear it no doubt in every other Espresso bar, witty, relentless, pitiless and utterly without belief. Since he cannot find himself a place, he must compensate by making fun of all those who can; and his wit bites home.

It is painful as well as funny, and someone must suffer for it, the one who is nearest, in this case his wife. She has had the misfortune to be better born socially than he and he uses this incessantly and brutally—but any other excuse would do. All she can do is suffer the assault, helped out by the inarticulate Cliff Lewis, the dumb and loyal friend who is always the necessary third in this kind of marriage. Mr. Osborne understands some aspects of life deeply, and renders them truly, and one of his particular merits is to dare to go further in showing us the things that people do to one another than is usually revealed on the stage.

Not a pleasant play, then. The battle goes on repetitively in its squalid setting. The wife is temporarily driven out; her best friend replaces her, and she too gives up. There is not enough action and it is not all convincing. But what remains completely convincing is the mood and the contemporary language in which it is expressed. Mr. Osborne's mistakes of construction are so howling that I am inclined to believe that we have all missed his intentions here. He is an actor himself, and must know that you can't keep building up expectancy for characters who never appear (unless their non-appearance is their point). Then he fails to base his hero's predicament on any dramatised motives. Motives are written into the text, true; but they are not working in it, fomenting it and aërating it. In the naturalistic form he has chosen (perhaps mistakenly), we inevitably ask questions which aren't answered. A sweet-stall, for instance, is such an odd choice of occupation for an intellectual *manqué* that we need an explanation. We need lots of other explanations, too, and feel cheated not to be given them. The biggest cheat of all is Mr. Osborne's end. He has too successfully persuaded us of his hero's state of mind, to palm us off with a phoney reconciliation.

All the same, don't miss this play. If you are young, it will speak for you. If you are middle-aged, it will tell you what the young are feeling. It is particularly well acted by Mr. Devine's resident company. Mr. Kenneth Haigh's young intellectual completely convinced me; he missed none of the savage humour and was endlessly resourceful in getting variety. Above all he avoided, as the part demanded, drawing sympathy to himself. The sympathy goes to his wife, and Miss Mary Ure, dumbly taking it, gave one of her best performances; while Mr. Alan Bates was admirably self-effacing as the third member of the ménage. Miss Helena Hughes and Mr. John Welsh completed the strong cast. The true and vivid interpretation of the actors was the best of tributes to Mr. Tony Richardson's intelligent direction.

T. C. WORSLEY

An Exhilarating Concert

EXPERIENCED concert-goers have learnt to associate the name of Walter Goehr as conductor with adventurous programmes, and the final concert of the London Symphony Orchestra's current season, at the Festival Hall last Sunday, provided a characteristic example of his initiative. The concert began with the first English performance of *Das klagende Lied*, a youthful work of Mahler. This cantata, originally planned as a fairy-tale opera, is a setting of a text by the composer based on the old legend of "the singing bone." A minstrel finds a bone, and makes a flute out of it; when played, the flute sings with the voice of a dead knight; the climax comes at the wedding feast of a king, the dead man's brother, who is revealed to be also his murderer.

Das klagende Lied was enjoyable for its own sake, and also interesting because it threw light on Mahler's reluctance to attempt opera—a form for which he might have seemed well suited. The music, though far from fully characteristic, provided many foretastes of the Mahler we know so well—the affection for march rhythms, the sudden melting lapses into pianissimo "soothing" quasi-folk tunes in a remote major key, the sophisticated and highly individual touches of harmonic colour. Part I of the cantata contains several pages in this vein, notably the beginning of the first tenor solo, which are distinctly prophetic of the *Leider eines fahrenden Gesellen*. Part II, the scene of the wedding feast, does not quite fulfil the promise of Part I; the functions of the three soloists and the chorus are not clearly differentiated, and in consequence the dramatic climax of the tale, which calls out for the most striking and most startling musical treatment, slips past almost unnoticed. We perceive that Mahler, for all his brilliant gifts as an operatic conductor and régisseur, lacked the sheer dramatic instinct that the opera-composer needs; already, in this early work, he is less interested in the objective picture than in the subjective refrain, "O Leide, Leide! Weh!", which was to become, in one transformation after another, the refrain of his whole life-work.

The rest of the L.S.O. concert consisted of Frank Martin's Violin Concerto, eloquently played by Wolfgang Schneiderhan, which proves less rewarding on closer acquaintance than I had hoped and than the beautiful opening and closing pages of its first movement seemed to promise at

first hearing; and the *Magnificat* appended to Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610. This revolutionary masterpiece sounded superb in a new edition prepared by Mr. Goehr—though not, it is safe to say, a whit more splendid than the composer can have desired when he scored the music for as lavish and varied an assortment of instruments as he had used three years before in *Orfeo*. The daring strokes of colour and perspective came off brilliantly, and seemed almost as startling to us in the Festival Hall as they must have seemed to the first listeners in St. Mark's, when monodic music was in its infancy. The setting of "Deposuit potentes" is accompanied, sensationally, by two trumpets in clamorous imitation in their highest register; a quieter but still more elaborate effect was produced a little later when one solo tenor (Peter Pears) was echoed off-stage by another (Wilfrid Brown) while the female chorus softly continued their canto fermo. Admirers of Monteverdi's genius will be glad to note that the complete Vespers are to be given at St. James's, Piccadilly, on May 30.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Popular Science

THIS week-end—on Saturday at 7.45 p.m.—ATV presents the most important and perhaps the least objectionable of commercial television's imports from America: *The 64,000 Question*. This is an event of some technical importance also: it is the first time that a programme of this order has been transmitted live over the whole commercial network, London, Midland, and Northern.

Only the formula of the programme is imported, thank goodness, not a canned film; and, in the English adaptation, the top price is 64,000 sixpences, not dollars—a mere £1,600, but still the tidiest sum so far available to TV prize-winners in England. It is probably a good thing that this reward is, comparatively, so modest: £1,600 would be a windfall in almost any family, but (unlike the dollar prize, or a big pools win) is hardly enough to dislocate people's lives completely or corrupt them.

More positively valuable is the basic idea of the programme itself. It is unlike *Take Your Pick* in that it is not a mere gamble thinly disguised by an infantile quiz: it is like *Double your Money* in that many of the questions are genuine tests of scholarship, and like *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* in that it tends to engender, in the mass viewing public, respect for learning. (The questions are said to be set by the greatest experts in the various subjects; the accuracy of the answers is "vouched for" by the Encyclopædia Britannica.) If only because they can win 64,000 dollars or sixpences, archæologists and art experts and zoologists no longer seem the faintly comic, conventionally absent-minded waffers that they used to be. The motive for the swing of sentiment in their favour may not be a high one: the effect is still welcome. *The 64,000 Question* might even perform a useful public service by encouraging the ambitious young to spend more time on their own hobbies and in out-of-the-way study and less in watching television.

All this is not to say that this is a "highbrow" programme: subjects thought "light" will balance and alternate with subjects thought "serious"; and it is presented with the usual meretricious trappings ("gorgeous girls" to wheel on and off the gadgets used in the show, "Fabian of the Yard" in person to guard the higher-prize questions). All the same, it was, I thought, agreeably significant that, of seven contestants whom I spoke to at last Monday night's "dry run," or dress-rehearsal, at the Hackney Empire, no fewer than three were confirmed *N.S. & N.* addicts.

The contestants who will appear this week-end and in the weeks to come are survivors of a "nation-wide search" and of written and oral examinations in their chosen subjects (which must not be subjects in which they are engaged professionally). The questions, though progressively more difficult, are reasonably fair: if your subject were modern politics, for instance, you might be required to name the member-states of NATO, but you would not be asked the number of votes cast for the candidates in some by-election. This Saturday's contestants will include Mr. Anthony Twist, an Air Ministry civil servant whose subject is European Art; Mrs. Audrey Hume, a charming and intelligent housewife from Wimbledon, who spends most of her time in archæological digs but has a private passion for ophiology (Monday's questions on the terrapin were child's play to her); and Mr. George Fisher, a London taxi-driver with a comprehensive knowledge of horse-racing.

The pleasantest part of this ordeal is that the contestants are treated with respect: they are not turned into buffoons to amuse the studio audience. The grimmest part of it is that, for the higher-prize questions, they are shut into a sound-proof booth with "one-way" glass, so that only the amplified voice of the questioner can reach them, and they can be seen but cannot see. Amnesia and claustrophobia must surely supervene in some cases.

The 64,000 Question is edited and produced by John Irwin, a refugee from the BBC who shows no signs of returning to the old firm. He must be one of ITV's busiest producers: in addition to this new programme, he handles *Free Speech* (soon to have its summer rest) and *Yakity-Yak*, a frothy piece of nonsense whose second edition was a distinct improvement on its widely panned first; the girls who take part in it (named, of course, June and Shirley and Valerie) are supposed to be too dumb to know the meaning of such words as *hiatus*, *philately*, and *chukka*.

In another light programme last Sunday, *The Jack Jackson Show*, the Kay Sisters, buxom girls with pudding-basin fringes, sang a song that might have been addressed directly to some NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers: "Come down, come down from your ivory tower, Let love unlock your heart. . ."—and, it may be, win £1,600?

TOM DRIBERG

Big Business

THE big business world is not one that naturally enthralls me: near to where I live have risen the offices of the Rank Organisation, maintained—so far as I can observe—by girls with calculating machines, and the only thrill I have ever had walking past has been one glimpse late at night of a shirt-sleeved man, among the shrouded tables, looking intensely unhappy. Presumably a script-writer with an idea. If I am to be engrossed by big business, let it be American. True, they slop the most treacle over a frankly disgusting or comic affair: others may lick their lips coming away from such romances as *Executive Suite*, not I. *Patterns of Power* (Gaumont) ends by turning up with its own *mystique;* but the mood is exploratory and tart, and I found its tensions thrilling.

While the titles go up a ringing of church bells assaults us: what film does not believe in first stunning those whom it hopes to woo? But this, as a matter of fact, is the only music we shall hear during the next couple of hours, except for a radio momentarily switched on. The first shot reveals the church—buried deep in a canyon between two skyscrapers. This cleft is in shadow, it's morning, and the passengers from the street collect in hallways for their vertical journey. There are slow "cars" and expresses—first-class only. Up we go; in we sail, in the wake of some managerial lady, into the vast suite overwhelmingly (we are told) "early American."

Our intrusion is made doubly breath-catching by the arrival of the boss—everyone bows like weeds before a flame-gun; and then of the new director (Van Heflin), brought in from some far-flung branch, and arriving—good heavens!—at least a minute and three-quarters late. At once tension is raised: his secretary has been snatched away from the master who had been hers for seventeen years, and surely this bodes ill for the ageing vice-president? It will be gathered that

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this is a film of attack, of high voltage, and realism tinged by irony. The struggle is between the president, played with a basilisk rage by Everett Sloane, and the ailing adjutant, whom he goads to a fatal heart-attack. Mr. Heflin, who has been uneasily on the side of heart all along, finds himself at last gripped by power fever; and hopes to dislodge the president. So—not quite satisfactorily radiant—the drama ends. But it has been terse, keyed-up, with a possible reality, if an eventual giving-in to flattery. Good acting, dialogue that can stand up before the background of silence, and a telling occasional use of the camera along halls and up and down the towering front, add up to a good deal more than the TV play filmed. Director, Fielder Cook; producer, Michael Myerburg.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

SOCIALISTS AND COMMUNISM

SIR,—I was fascinated by Mr. Crossman's letter in your last week's issue—as, indeed, I always am by the incalculable workings of that agile intelligence. What I should like to know is this. Is there, in the alleged process of "liberalisation" going on in Poland, any indication that the still prevailing system of Communist party dictatorship will be, or, for that matter, can be, modified? If so, how and by whom?

Mr. Crossman, I gather, bases his expectation that "a Communist dictatorship can be modified in the direction of liberty" partly on the recent proceedings of the Polish parliament. But was not that parliament itself "elected" under the old monolithic system? Is it not, in fact, a part of that system? How, then, can anything it says or does be taken as manifesting a move towards liberalisation?

Supposing the plot to assassinate Hitler had succeeded, and that Goering and Himmler and Goebbels had thereupon renounced the "cult of personality," and heaped abuse on the Hitlerite regime, which, they avowed, they had only served out of fear. Supposing, then, that the dummy Reichstag had met and propounded like propositions, with full support from the dummy press. Would anyone in his senses have regarded this as evidence of the regime's liberalisation? Would invitations to support and encourage so hopeful a development have been sympathetically received in Labour Party, or any other, quarters? I hope not.

For myself, I shall not believe in the liberalisation of the Soviet and satellite regimes until the still avowed theory that power must necessarily reside in an infallible Communist party is relinquished. If and when that happens, the monolithic structure of Communism will indeed have been destroyed, but so also will Communism itself as now understood and practised, as well as the existing Communist leadership—which is why the existing Communist leadership is unlikely to encourage or welcome any such development. The other day I came across this quotation from an article written by George Orwell in September, 1946: "In five years it may be as dangerous to praise Stalin as it was to attack him two years ago. But I should not regard this as an advance. Nothing is gained by teaching the parrot a new word."

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

10 Bouverie Street,
E.C.4.

SIR,—Professor Cole, and those who have commented on his article, have dealt with the matter on the basis of the political ideologies of the two parties. There appears to be another aspect of no less importance which has been overlooked. So far there is no sign that the Communists have altered their views on the ethics of political conduct. As long as they regard honesty, truth and the keeping of agreements as bourgeois conceptions which should never be allowed to interfere with the needs of the class struggle, as interpreted by their own leaders, it is difficult to see how co-operation can proceed on any other basis than that which has been known in the past. Whenever and wherever co-operation has been attempted in the past it has resulted in the strengthening of the Communist Party concerned and the weakening or total destruction of the Socialist Party. One remembers, too, the treatment of other groups whom the Communists have used in one phase of their policy and thrown aside, such as the pacifists who found after June, 1941, that their former colleagues in the fight against the war were calling for their imprisonment as saboteurs of the war effort. In all the exegesis on the Twentieth Congress of the C.P.S.U. I have yet to hear that the standards of political morality which have produced these results now stand condemned nor, indeed, can I see how it could be since it is implicit in the whole Leninist outlook.

ASHLEY BRAMALL

21 Hugh Street, S.W.1.

EDUCATION IN POLAND

SIR,—R. H. S. Crossman, writing about Poland, makes some remarkable statements, one of which is untrue and should be corrected.

Mr. Crossman writes:

> Poland was a poor country, with a huge class of indigent peasants, and the ruthless dictatorship of the last ten years had two achievements to its credit. It got industrialisation going . . . and created a remarkable school system. Already there is a place for every child of 7, and it will soon be possible . . . to stay until 16. Would either of these achievements have been possible if Poland had had a western system of democracy since 1945?

While it may be true that Poland has more industries now, the statement about education is definitely untrue. As the wife of a Pole I know this; but let me quote from Arthur Mee's *Children's Encyclopædia*, Vol. 7, which is written in language the most simple should understand:

> In Poland, in 1791, a constitution was passed which brought many radical reforms. It granted liberty to every Pole as a free citizen, and free education to every Polish child. . . . The Education Committee was organised as long ago as 1773, which must have been one of the first Boards of Education in Europe, if not actually the first. It covered the land with secondary and primary schools accessible to all, while a society furnished them with excellent school books. But Russia, Germany and Prussia renewed their violence. A second partition took place in 1793 . . . the Poles were defeated. . . . Poland was declared a free and independent state again in 1919, although the new Poland was only about half the size of that of 1772. . . . It is surprising how much was accomplished after the first World War. The shattered towns were rebuilt, schools and factories sprang up all over the country, art revived. . . . The Poles, as their high reputation for culture would suggest, are great believers in education. All primary and secondary schools are free and compulsory up to the age of 18. . . . There are 15 universities. . . .

Mr. Crossman went on a five-day visit and spoke to several Communists. He heard one story. If he visits his own constituency he will be able to talk to Polish emigrés of humble birth working as labourers in the factories. If he travels a further eight miles to Nuneaton he will find more emigrés working in coal mines and living in miners' hostels. These men—who are able to read and write in English as well as their own language—should be able to answer his question.

JOYCE ZIEMBA

20 Berrington Road,
Nuneaton.

PLATO AND OXBRIDGE

SIR,—I have been waiting for someone with more detailed information than myself to ask Mr. Heckstall-Smith what he meant by his original charge against Oxbridge; as no one has, I must do my best and rely on somebody to correct me where I need it. I cannot find his first letter, but it was certainly to the effect that "Oxbridge" had done a terrible lot of harm by plugging Plato's *Republic* without pointing out that its doctrines on political authority were immoral. I believe that

(1) At Cambridge the *Republic* has never held any place of particular prominence in any syllabus.

(2) At Oxford the same was true until the middle of the last century, when the modern syllabus began to develop. I have a general impression that Jowett said "Let there be Greats," but anyway there *were* Greats, and from that time on the *Republic* got a great deal of attention. Its views on political authority in particular were soon after taken up by the British Hegelians, and made the blue-print of a most explicit, detailed and well-advertised, anti-democratic theory. I would agree with Mr. Heckstall-Smith or anybody else who calls that theory immoral, but both it and its connection with the *Republic* were about as furtive as the Nelson Column.

After the first war these views fell into increasing disrepute, but were not forgotten. They were replaced by a strong counter-attack, and by the time I got up to Oxford in the late Thirties you could not hear Plato mentioned without being told that he was a Fascist. Mr. Crossman's lively little book to that effect was on the book list given by every lecturer on Plato as well as by the Labour Club study-groups; I threw away an essay about it all in my own childish handwriting only last winter. This theme was in fact quite a prominent theme in that welter of sloppy half-truths into which the left-wing intellectuals of the Thirties used to slide, very naturally, as a result of having no opponents of proper mental calibre to keep their muscles in. It is just the sort of silly remark that sends present-day students into the political apathy and the swing to the right which some people find so unaccountable. Plato had, indeed, some views in common with Mussolini; to condemn the study of all writers who did that would be a quick way to qualify for the bench of magistrates at Swindon. But to suggest that there is anything more to be squeezed today out of this piece of dried orange skin seems to me preposterous.

MARY SCRUTTON

3 Lyndhurst Gardens, Newcastle on Tyne.

REPORT FROM PARIS

SIR,—On November 12, your Paris correspondent attributed M. Faure's survival in a vote on Algeria (with a majority of 54) to the absences or abstentions of pro-Communists; in fact, these numbered seven.

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On December 3, he suggested that M. Faure, to ensure his own defeat by a constitutional majority (314 hostile votes, making dissolution possible), had instructed some of his loyal supporters to abstain or vote against the government. In fact abstentions would, obviously, not serve this purpose; and of the 21 members who changed sides, 20 clearly had policy grounds, and the last had constituency reasons for doing so.

On March 31 he stated that in the leakages trial M. Mairey, of the Sureté (*sic*) Nationale had called M. Dides an American agent, and that the source of Dides' information must be sought in the American secret service (implying that the Americans *instigated* Dides' plot against M. Mendès-France). In fact, M. Mairey said that Dides might have given information *to* an American agent (implying that the Americans were being used by Dides, not using him). He was so reported in *Monde*, p. 2, col. 4, *Figaro*, p. 8, col. 7, and *Combat*, p. 10, col. 4 (all of March 20). Your correspondent's version appears only in the *Humanité* headline (though not in their text); M. Mairey's angry denial of it was published in all four papers, but ignored by your correspondent, writing a week later.

On April 14 you stated that the four largest Socialist federations, with 60 per cent. of the congress votes, steadily support M. Mollet. In fact Seine, the third largest, usually opposes him; and the big four have for some purposes 25 per cent. and for other 36 per cent. of the votes—the latter is just below their share of the membership.

Jesus College, P. M. WILLIAMS
Oxford.

[*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* Mr. Williams does not seem to appreciate the conditions under which a foreign correspondent has to work. The Faure government fell only a few hours before the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION went to press. The immediate reaction in political circles in Paris to the size of the vote against M. Faure was one of astonishment, and the explanation most widely circulated in the Assembly lobbies *immediately after the vote* was that Faure had asked some of his supporters to vote against him (some of them, it was presumed, had been asked to abstain in order to cover up what would otherwise have been a transparent manœuvre). When I telephoned my copy, the official breakdown of the vote was not available; it was, therefore, perfectly legitimate for me to write, as I did, "... it is possible that M. Faure instructed some of his supporters to abstain, or vote against. . . ."

On the leakages trial, I wrote: "The source of M. Dides' information—and equally the interest in which his group was working—remain mysteries. There is a well-informed belief here that they are unlikely to be cleared up unless attention is directed to the close link between the French police commissariat and a certain F.B.I. agent who was attached to the U.S. Embassy." I did not imply that the Americans instigated the plot against M. Mendès-France; I implied that the Dides-Baranès document was not compiled from the Turpin-Labrusse leaks but from other sources. This is the firm conviction of various experts, connected with the trial, to whom I have spoken. In particular, a consultant expert (not, I hasten to inform Mr. Williams, a Communist), who carried out a scientific examination of the document, has stated to me quite emphatically that the document did not come from either Turpin or Labrusse. (I cannot, for obvious reasons, reveal his identity, but I have sent it to the Editor of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, for transmission to Mr. Williams after the trial is over.) In view of this, we clearly have the right to ask: where did the document come from? M. Dides' relations with the F.B.I. presumably gave him access to American sources, and there is no reason to suppose that his informants knew he would use the material against M. Mendès-France. To suppose that the document was of American origin was a legitimate inference which any uncommitted journalist has a perfect right to make; and I refuse to 60 per cent.; but taken in conjunction with the *available*. If Mr. Williams already knows how, by whom, and with the aid of whom, the conspiracy was planned, I envy him; he is the only person in the world to enjoy such a privilege.

Finally, his point about the S.F.I.O.: the four federations which furnish M. Mollet with his block-vote are Pas-de-Calais, Haute-Vienne, Nord and Bouches-du-Rhône. Mr. Williams is mathematically correct in stating that their votes alone do not add up to 60 per cent.; but taken in conjunction with the abstentions and hesitations of the small federations, they furnish him, in practice with a clear majority. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FIGHTING APARTHEID

SIR,—Following "Critic's" brief summary of Father Huddleston's list of suggestions by which people in Britain could help to fight apartheid in South Africa, may we, as an African organisation in Britain, make the following observation?

While not under-estimating the effect such meetings as Father Huddleston's may have on the public's conscience, it is unfortunately true that neither Her Majesty's opposition nor the British public seriously object to the disgraceful attitude Britain's representatives take at the United Nations whenever the question of South Africa crops up for discussion. In our view, it is more appropriate and may well have positive results, to direct public pressure to the British government, rather than to South Africa House, and urge it to join hands with all those who stand against apartheid. The pusillanimous moral neutrality which the British government has so far adopted does not only disillusion the vast majorities in the non-European world, but it is fast helping to lose their friendship as well. Ceylon is the case in point.

It is our belief that the ultimate victory in South Africa is an African victory, although it does not mean subjugation of the whites. In terms of practical politics it is more expedient, in the long run, to be on the side of the angels, and it is in Britain's own interest to side with the Africans in South Africa not only because of the liberal principle of siding with the underdog, but because sooner or later—and probably sooner in this rapidly changing world—she will be obliged to negotiate with the very people she has now chosen to neglect. Thus, while endorsing all the suggestions by Father Huddleston we think it will be more to the point if the British government is made to change its attitude to the South African problem.

Finally, may we suggest a trip to Oxford and a Labour Party dinner for Mr. Strijdom when he visits England next June?

ABDUL R. MOHAMED

African Forum,
Swaraj House,
32 Percy Street,
W.1.

AFRICAN LAND

SIR,—Publicity given to the financing of the Kariba Hydro-Electric Project in Central Africa should not obscure the concern and suspicion felt by many Africans about the immediate effect of the scheme upon their land and themselves. More than 20,000 Africans on the Southern Rhodesian side of the Zambezi, and between 25,000 and 30,000 on the Northern Rhodesian side, will have to be moved.

In Southern Rhodesia the Minister of Native Affairs was reported on September 19, 1955, as saying that there was no question of financial compensation for the land which the families will have to leave. In Northern Rhodesia the Secretary for Native Affairs, after stating that "it will be the responsibility of the Northern Rhodesian government to ensure that the movement of people is done with as little hardship to them as is possible" has admitted that "in planning the resettlement of these people we have been, and to some extent still are, hampered by a lack of knowledge."

Mr. Harry Nkumbula, President-General of the Northern Rhodesian Congress, in a petition to the Queen, has drawn attention to the "anxiety and bitterness among Africans that this dispossession will engender." Technical advancement and the material benefits that may result from this vast and imaginative project will commend themselves but little to local Africans if, as their first fruits, they produce apparent injustice and material deprivation. In so far as African Trust Land and the welfare of Africans in Northern Rhodesia are affected, this is a matter for which the Secretary of State for the Colonies has a direct responsibility. It is important that the electorate of this country should have fuller information on what is being done either by omission or commission in their name.

The African Bureau, MICHAEL SCOTT
30 Old Queen Street,
S.W.1.

HOLY ORDERS

SIR,—Mr. John Raymond, in a review of Julian Callender's book *Company of Heaven*, says "I am surprised that he (the author) has chosen to remain in the priesthood." As a close personal friend of Mr. Callender's, may I point out that he has no choice in the matter. According to Catholic theory, subscribed to by High Anglicans as well as Roman Catholics, Orders are indelible. Mr. Callender remains "in the priesthood" willy-nilly, though I assure you he does not perform and has no wish to perform any priestly functions. If he wished to pay legal fees he could secure the removal of certain legal disabilities and regain the right to serve on juries or sit in Parliament, but the Clerical Disabilities Act cannot take away his Orders. AUSTIN LEE

THE N.S. AND THE N.

SIR,—As the celebration of your Silver Wedding is now over, may I venture to mention an episode which shocked some of us in those far-off days when the *New Statesman* and the *Nation* were rivals? As professional critics, we were accustomed to review books for both periodicals. Suddenly we all got a surprising letter from Desmond MacCarthy, who was literary editor of the *New Statesman*, demanding an immediate written assurance that we would not contribute reviews to the *Nation*. The letter was awkward in its phrasing and it was clear that our kindly friend was acting under orders. As we were not under contract, we felt that the very principle of free-lancing was threatened. So we refused to sign. Leonard Woolf, who was literary editor of the *Nation*, gave us as many books as possible for review and so our financial losses were not too great. A year later, quite unexpectedly, a book came to me from Desmond MacCarthy for review. The "cold" war was over.

AUSTIN CLARKE

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Portrait of a Humbug

Evelyn is the typical instance of the accomplished and public-spirited country gentleman of the Restoration, a pious and devoted member of the Church of England, and a staunch loyalist in spite of his grave disapproval of the manners of the court. His domestic life was pure and his affections strong, and he devoted himself to work of public utility, although prudence or diffidence kept him aloof from the active political life which might have tested his character more severely.

So Sir Leslie Stephen in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. It is a succinct and favourable summing-up, the kind of minute in red ink that one's guardian angel affixes to the complete dossier before handing it in for a final decision. With it goes the *Diary* in six handsome volumes, newly and painstakingly edited from the original manuscript by Mr. Esmond de Beer*, a marbled monument to Evelyn's public works and days. This must be as scholarly a production as any that the University Presses have issued since the war. Mr. de Beer has not only indexed the whole manificently, he has subjected Evelyn the *virtuoso* to a strict and searching analysis, relating his use of the terms "Gothic," "barbarous" and "modern" to Rubens and Vasari, elucidating what was implied by his statement that the design of S. Maria Maggiore is "mixt."

But, alas, Clio is the restless terrier of the Muses. A man's life may appear to lie smooth and level as a bowling-green, yet she will sooner or later contrive to dig up a fair-sized bone at some point in his passage. While Mr. de Beer was identifying Grinling Gibbons's lodgings, correctly numbering the texts of the hundreds of sermons that the diarist sat through and briefly itemising their authors, Mr. Hiscock at Christ Church was engaged upon his own rather more fundamental researches†. The virtuous public-spirited Evelyn, the Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital and secretary of the Royal Society, the devout landscape-gardener, the apostle of smoke-abatement and afforestation, the accomplished panegyriser of great persons, the universal Do-gooder of the late seventeenth century, had always seemed a little too good to be true—if only, perhaps, in contrast to his friend Pepys's earthly, unbosoming vitality. Now at last the secret is out and we can all feel happier about Evelyn. Like most of us, this Restoration darling dodo has a powerful skeleton in his cupboard. Far from being the bore we all thought him, he is the English Tartuffe, protagonist of a spiritual high comedy as grotesque and ironic as anything in Molière.

At first sight his life seems bosky and symmetrical, smothered in possessions—intaglios, beehives, asparagus beds, a long uninterrupted sequence of green thoughts set in a "Cockney plantation" of potherbs and parterres, weighted down with recipes, *objets d'art* and connoisseurship. The reader is literally unable to see the wood for the trees. Virginia Woolf was the first to realise the great psychological false front put up by Evelyn's insatiable concern with physical objects. Subtler than her father, she also knew the *Diary* for what it was—a masterpiece in the art of self-concealment. He never, she wrote in *The Common Reader*, "used its pages to reveal the secrets of his heart, and all that he wrote might have been read aloud in the evening with a calm conscience to his children." Taking these words as his text and basing his biography on the diarist's letters and unpublished MSS., Mr. Hiscock has given us "a necessary and illuminating corrective to the Victorian eulogy of the diarist." From his canvas Evelyn emerges as a cad, a toady, a born equivocator—and twenty times more interesting a human being.

Briefly and eruditely, Mr. Hiscock pilots us through his hero's early years—his timidity during the Civil War, his courage in remaining at his post through the Plague, his life in Paris, his marriage and the beginnings of the famous *Elysium Britannicum* at Sayes Court, Deptford. He lists the diarist's writings—those *Sylvas* and *Fumifugiums* with which he burdened a world avid for projects and projectors—and discusses the formidable fourteen-page *Panegyric* to *Charles II* which he presented to the King personally the day after his coronation, and in which he told his sovereign that "the very little children pointed to you, the striplings and young men exulted, the Ancient men stood amazed, and those who were under the Empire of a cruel disease leaped out of their beds to have the sight of you that were the safety of the People." On page 34 Mr. Hiscock writes:

> We are beginning to notice that Evelyn desired posterity to think well of himself, of his wife and family, and of his friends; that all were practically immune to natural frailty. This is particularly noticeable in the *Diary*.

This is excellent, yet it is only a preparation, a setting of the scene, for the exquisite comedy that is to come. Mr. Hiscock really rings up his curtain in Chapter V, when Evelyn is 49 and Margaret Blagge, the saintly Maid of Honour, has been six years pledged to Sidney Godolphin. Witty, elegant, a beauty and "greatly devout", Margaret must have been a pearl among women; certainly she ravished Evelyn. "Between the summer of 1669 and the autumn of 1672", Mr. Hiscock writes, "he sought her on every possible occasion, and in due time she afforded him opportunities to visit her in her chamber in Whitehall." On October 16 they made a spiritual pact together, Evelyn drawing an altar with a heart upon it ringed with a halo of stars and writing "Be this the symbol of inviolable feelings."

> Margaret, taking a pen, added: "Be it so: Margaret Blagge, 16 October, 1672." To her it was serious, to him sacred. To Evelyn it was a spiritual opportunity; to give his soul and expect Margaret's reciprocation. He then said: "Do you know what you have done?" and proceeded to talk of bonds, the marriage of souls, and the virgin state being happier than the conjugal. Each had obligations: to visit, write, discourse, read, pray, admonish, "in short, something of all relations and practical duties, and something above them all: these, madam, are the laws, and they are reciprocal and eternal." It was a strange compact for a man of fifty-two to make with a girl of twenty. She had apparently renounced her secular engagement for a spiritual pact in which Evelyn desired to lose himself in a greater reality.

Christmas found Evelyn playing the holy gadabout in Town with his "sprightly Saint" Mrs. Evelyn, buried among the potting sheds at Deptford, felt herself justifiably neglected. (Her own Platonic *cher ami*, an amusing but moody intellectual named William Glanville, was away in the shires chasing a rich widow.) So Evelyn dutifully returned home, leaving Margaret an *Office for Nativity*, composed by himself. "Hail," the meditation ran,

> O Incarnate Word! I adore, I admire, I praise, I magnify Thee, yea I love thee, for thou has loved me, when I loved thee not, when I loved the world, and the follies of it . . . come, take possession, dwell in me forever . . . let my ambition be to serve thee, my delight to obey thee, my glory to admire thee, and never to set my love upon any creature which may take it off from thee. . . .

"With these words", Mr. Hiscock writes, "Evelyn makes clear his intention to deny Margaret the joy of human affection. She had become an instrument to his own purpose."

From this time forwards "prayers and offices for their joint use poured from Evelyn's pen without cessation." In 1673 this strange spiritual tyranny reached its climax with Evelyn penning what his biographer rightly calls "nothing less than an anti-Godolphin prayer".

> . . . Never, oh never, suffer us to depart from Thee O Lord, for the love of any creature or thing in this world. . . .

After a visit to her lover at Goring House, the distracted girl had to submit to a renewed torrent of ghostly expostulation ("Burn up, O divine Fire! all the dross, and refine the impurities of my corrupted nature", etc., etc.). The cautious and sanguine Godolphin bided his time. "He is never in the way and never out of the way", Charles II said of him, and his cunning was never shown to better effect than in the waiting game that he played with Evelyn for his own and Margaret's happiness. "As we read Margaret's letters of 1673", Mr. Hiscock remarks, "we are moved by her struggle: her soul is Evelyn's and her loyalty to him unquestionable, but her heart, despite utterances to the contrary, is elsewhere".

Slowly the tide turned in Godolphin's favour. "He would never force an issue—he would only become—to Margaret—a little more accessible. The more Evelyn preached the more approachable Godolphin became." In December, 1674, Margaret returned to Court to appear as Diana in a pastoral by John Crowne. It included at least one air that to the two lovers must have seemed like the prompting of nature.

> Kind lovers, love on,
> Lest the world be undone,
> And mankind be lost by degrees:
> For if all from their loves
> Should go wander in groves,
> There soon would be nothing but trees.

Quite suddenly, in May, 1675, they were married. After six years the saintly fetters were broken. "Evelyn", Mr. Hiscock writes—and we can hear the warm ring of satisfaction in his voice—"was completely oblivious of what was happening; three days before the marriage he

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* *The Diary of John Evelyn.* Edited by E. S. DE BEER. *Oxford.* 6 Vols. £15 15*s*.

† *John Evelyn and His Family Circle.* By W. G. HISCOCK. *Routledge.* 25*s*.

read the second part of his *Philosophical Discourse on Earth* to the Royal Society; in fact he was kept in the dark for nearly twelve months". And when at long last he did learn the truth, the diary only commented:

> 26 Din'd with *, discovered her Marriage by her sister.

The journal, Claudel once told Gide in a bitter moment, is the Protestant's confessional. It is unlikely that Evelyn would have agreed with him.

Three years later Margaret was dead and her old friend, with something of that strange rapture with which Henry James hailed the death of Minny Temple, could write: "The Lord Jesus bless us all, and ah that I were where my friend is, for she is happy, her part is finished." Soon, with a funereal gusto typical of the time and of himself, he had settled down to write *The Life of Mrs. Godolphin*.

> As a friend Margaret had failed him; in death he would grant her success. In the glorious vista of the rising Godolphin friendship and all that his patronage might bring, any sense of failure or frustration vanished. In a new spirit of sublimation he would make Margaret's sainthood a success. There could be no second failure; he would share her glory, and each would wear a halo.

It is a strange story altogether. One hardly knows most whether to laugh or weep. Outside the Communion of Saints there is something inherently comic about all soul marriages and elective affinities at any spiritual level, whether it be Mme de Guyon telling Bossuet that she has experienced, for several days now, "*une union très réelle avec votre âme*" or Shaw murmuring to Stella Patrick-Campbell that "there are such wonderful sorts of relations, such quaint comforts and happiness, and close-togethernesses, and babes-in-the-woodinesses, besides being in love, which, as you point out, my diet and feeble nature forbid". Perhaps seraphick love does exist and Glanville was wrong after all. Certainly Evelyn was a spiritual egoist on the grand scale, a ghostly Willoughby Patterne. If he had not spent a lifetime hiding his thoughts from us, he might have had the courage to admit, with Patterne's creator, that "In . . . the book of Egoism, it is written, Possession without obligation to the object possessed appears felicity."

JOHN RAYMOND

The Dark Drinkard

Then what a bony dance claps
  About these ears, and what
A thin lit lanthorn is the face that
  Is lashed dark with tears.

Loud that dance and fine that rage which
  Whistles in the head;
Every mad head that's filled with it must
  Anneal that winter dread.

I am a fine man sauntering when
  I am rage, tear and fit
But I must warm the head that holds these
  Winter tears in it.

For each day's sunday filled with woe
  There is a deep, glass cup
I am a fine man wandering I'm each
  Stormed and drugged night through.

JON SILKIN

Pleasures of Ruins

Marvels of Ancient Rome. By MARGARET R. SCHERER. *Phaidon.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

The Shrine of St. Peter. By J. TOYNBEE and J. WARD PERKINS. *Longmans.* 42*s.*

The new provincialism is showing its fangs. "Nobody wants any more poems," says Mr. Amis, "about . . . foreign cities." And Mr. Larkin declares he has "no belief in 'tradition.'" As usual, one knows what they mean, and sympathises. "Nobody wants" any more transatlantic sensibilities trembling over Hadrian's villa, or pinching themselves to make sure they aren't dreaming but that this is really Europe (every little bruise going into their writing as a purple patch). But all the same. . . No more Roman Elegies, no more Spenser and Du Bellay; this is the last sack of Rome, when even her ruins are boring.

In the age of the Polytechnic and the Holiday Fellowship, no one can pretend that Uffizi and Borghese are upper-class words. And in fact now when Jack and Jill can escape from the courier in the evenings and, wearing dark glasses, saunter down the Spanish Steps as if they were Norman Douglas with a friend, there's a sort of snobbery about pretending that the really interesting things are in Basingstoke or Hull or perhaps Portugal. But the point is, I suppose, that Jack and Jill won't have heard of Norman Douglas, or Augustus Hare, or Percy Lubbock; and I don't think we like to admit how much they miss. Because Rome—or Florence for that matter, or Venice—is no place for the Innocent Eye. The Rome that articulate travellers have enjoyed is a city seen through pane upon pane of literary allusion and historical association, allusion and association so much part of European sensibility that even the most innocent visitor sees the city only through a hazily tinted medium. The Rome that we see, like the Rome that Dante saw, or Du Bellay or Dyer or Shelley or Hawthorne, is a literary construction foisted upon the reality. But of course that's the wrong way to look at it: the bookish construction *is* the reality, in the sense that it's what we came to see, what is worth seeing. The "reality" supposedly behind it—where is it to be found? Who can see the Roman Forum as just a pile of broken stones? Certainly not Mr. Amis. And if this is the reality, then the illusion is what it is worth looking for, something more substantial than the real.

It's precisely the tradition or the sense of it, the being aware of how many sensibilities intervene between yours and the Roman builder's, which is the best safeguard against those exquisitely sensitive "impressions" that bore Mr. Amis. What is appalling about them is the assumption that the Baths of Caracalla have been waiting down the centuries for the post-post-Jamesian terribly scrupulous response that now at last they are getting. If the ruins of Rome are so many pegs on which to drape becomingly our so distinctive sensibilities, at any rate we can keep a sense of proportion by remembering how many and what distinguished coats have hung there before ours.

The gap between the "real" Rome and the mind-created Rome we project upon it doesn't seem to have worried anybody before the nineteenth century. Then the enthusiasts begin to take sides, the poets and dilettanti lining up for Romantic vagueness; and on the other hand the scientific archæologists stripping the sites of modern or medieval or even earlier accretions, so as to get down to the antique level. Nowadays our sympathies are likely to be with the latter. The nineteenth-century æsthetes' response to Rome seems as untidy and parasitical as the weeds that, swaying on the Colosseum, so much in their eyes enhanced its sublimity. Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* is the unreadable monument to this phase, as also to the peculiarly disagreeable arch Bohemianism of the expatriate colony at that time. All the same, a case can be made against the archæologists. It is open to question, for instance, whether we gained or lost when the Far-

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nese gardens on the Palatine, with their wall and gateway by Vignola, were destroyed, and in their place we got the warren of excavated antique structures that now ramble all over the hill, one running into and over another so that only the scholar can identify or distinguish them.

The new Phaidon picture-book gives a sketchy but informative survey of how the visitor has responded to Rome down the ages. Splendidly illustrated and remarkably clear in arrangement, it is really a guide-book, though a great deal too big to be carried open in one hand descending from the motor-coach. Miss Scherer's prose, though blessedly far from precious, is a good deal less sumptuous than her photographs—"Enchantment lingers still beneath these arches in this quiet corner of the Palatine," that's the sort of thing. The excavations beneath St. Peter's, which have revealed a whole Roman cemetery and a pre-Constantinian shrine presumably of St. Peter, are not open to the public and will not figure on future guided tours. So the common reader to whom Professors Toynbee and Perkins address themselves is not the tourist, but rather somebody who can stomach nearly 300 pages of closely if clearly reasoned argument about a very complicated site. Very properly, where all ears will be alert for the grinding of doctrinal axes, the authors proceed very austerely indeed. In the end, however, it is an impressive and even elegant performance, the taut argument is fascinating to follow, and there is a genuinely moving eloquence at the end, when something accidentally discovered in the graveyard (whether in fact the Saint's remains or not) is shown to have determined the whole structure of Constantine's basilica on its originally very awkward site, and that in turn as modified by Gregory the Great, but still with access to the shrine as a determining factor, to have influenced most of what we still take for granted in the ecclesiastical architecture and furnishings of Western Europe.

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THE BODLEY HEAD

The Religion of Communism

Three Who Made a Revolution. By BERTRAM D. WOLFE. *Thames & Hudson.* 30*s.*

Soviet Attitudes Toward Authority. By MARGARET MEAD. *Tavistock Publications.* 21*s.*

Communism is all sorts of things—an economic system, a political party, a method of government. But most of all it is a religion, a creed, self-confident, intolerant, aggressive. This was Lenin's doing; and there cannot be too much examination of the process by which he split off from other Russian parties and from the international Socialist movement until he finally discovered that he alone possessed the secret of salvation. Mr. Wolfe's book, though excessively long, is admirable from this point of view. It would be better called Lenin the Splitter or He Knew He was Right; for it goes only to 1914 when the Revolution was a long way from being made. This central theme apart, it is less satisfactory. It was published in America in 1948; and it suffers from arriving here eight years late when many of its original ideas have become commonplace. It is tiresome to be told of things that are just happening and then to discover that they took place in 1946 or even earlier. Again, there is no longer much fun in reading about Stalin's perversions of history; the learned journals of Soviet Russia contain the same information.

Mr. Wolfe is unlucky in another way. His book, when he wrote it, was not merely the best, but the only, serious study of the three men with whom it dealt—Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin. Now, though there is no scholarly biography of Lenin, there are excellent American studies of his early policy; and Isaac Deutscher has done incomparably better with both Stalin and Trotsky. Let the reader compare, for instance, the two accounts of the conclusions which Trotsky drew from the revolution of 1905. Mr. Deutscher shows that they were profound and original; Mr. Wolfe slides over them in a few rhetorical phrases. His book has no real unity despite its title. It is a biography of Lenin, into which chapters about Stalin and Trotsky have been artificially inserted. And yet there is a unity, if only of conflict. Trotsky was an original thinker; he loved action, but not power. Lenin was a thinker, though of no originality; he certainly sought power, though perhaps he did not love it. Stalin loved power and was not a thinker at all. The drama of Bolshevism lies in the struggle between Stalin and Trotsky for Lenin's soul—a struggle all the more dramatic for being largely unconscious and unforeseen. Before 1914 Lenin and Stalin stood together against Trotsky. But this was not the end of the story, though it is the end of Mr. Wolfe's book. Lenin and Trotsky made the Bolshevik revolution, with Stalin obscure and unimportant; and right up to Lenin's death it seemed certain that he would stand with Trotsky against Stalin. Lenin's death ruined Trotsky, brought Stalin to power; yet the "Leninism" on which Stalin's power rested was also, in a sense, Lenin's work. St. Paul perhaps did much the same with the work of Jesus Christ.

Margaret Mead's book deals with Leninism as a religion in action. It is an attempt to apply the methods of anthropology to a civilised people—and, like most such attempts, an unsuccessful one. Anthropology treats of "folk-memory." This is distorted, if not ruined, by literacy, which makes behaviour more changeable, more erratic, more artificial. You cannot summarise the behaviour of a modern people from a few conversations and press-cuttings. You need history, literature, education, and many years of personal contact. Dr. Mead's book is a skeleton—full of good ideas which should be worked out in a real book or, rather, a series of books. In its present dry form, it resembles a railway time-table which gives the names of the stations but does not include the times of the trains. Moreover, it is unscientific—or so a historian must feel with his precise sense of chronology. Quotations are taken at random from the period of N.E.P., the purges, and the present day—three distinct epochs. Nor does evidence from Czechoslovakia, where Communism was artificially imposed on a western community, shed light on conditions in Soviet Russia, where Leninism has become a true religion. Of course there are shrewd observations. For instance, the remark that in Communism, as in every religion based on human perfection, every believer accepts that he is perfect, yet—knowing that he is not—suspects both himself and everyone else of being a mortal sinner.

It would, however, be foolish to question the general conclusion that Communism is a true religion, a faith all the adherents of which are convinced that they are always right and everyone else is always wrong. Between Communism and the sceptical West, with its intellectual integrity, the only relationship can be war—preferably, of course, cold. There can be no compromise or agreement, only a postponement of conflict. No bargain will be kept; no truce honoured. We can only model ourselves on the Byzantine empire in its dealings both with the Papacy and with Islam—humiliating ourselves, evading a decisive clash, buying time, hoping that the whole thing will blow over. And so it will. The Communists, too, will become lazy, pleasure-loving, indifferent to their own creed. But it will take a long time—say, four hundred years. A gloomy outlook for us, though it gives our descendants something to look forward to.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Billy the First

Billy Sunday Was His Real Name. By W. G. MCLOUGHLIN JR. *Cambridge: Chicago.* 41*s.* 6*d.*

Billy Sunday was the man who turned evangelism into big business. Some would say that he turned it into a racket. Mixing the techniques of the camp meeting, vaudeville and the chautauqua circuit, he took his message to over 100 million people in the years between 1896 and 1935. In specially built wooden tabernacles, during campaigns which were planned as carefully as any modern advertising drive, he roared, prayed, postured, urging his audiences to "hit the trail." In 71 days in New York, in 1917, he drew more than 1,400,000 people, and persuaded 98,000 of them to "take the hand of Jesus." Sweeping through the cities of America, the former baseball player was hailed as the saviour of the American heritage: his methods might be unorthodox, his appeal sensational, but the organised clergy had to co-operate with him, for they looked to Sunday to save them and their parishioners from the moral and financial crisis which came upon the Protestant middle-class churches at the beginning of this century.

This crisis is the background of Mr. McLoughlin's remarkable book, which merits a much wider circulation than its price and American origin are likely to permit. For, as he rightly points out, Sunday's success cannot be attributed simply to his undoubted demagogic powers. He rose on a wave of social protest, articulating the fears and aggressions of a group whose way of life was threatened by the industrialisation of the United States, by the growth of the trusts, the coming of mass immigration, by Tammany Hall and its counterparts in other cities, and by the liquor interests. To protect itself, this group became more and more insistent on the "old" American *mores*. Politically, it found expression in reform movements—Teddy Roosevelt's Progressives, for instance, or the muck-rakers' campaign against the "shame of the cities"—or in the campaigns of the Anti-Saloon League and, as the mood went sour, in nativism and the Ku Klux Klan, in attacks on radicalism, anarchism and

every other concept that did not fit into the frame of an intolerant conformism. There is no doubt that Sunday and his imitators were one of the main influences which damped down the reform movements or perverted them.

Some of Sunday's contemporaries realised this. Time and again he was attacked because he had become a millionaire out of his free-will offerings, because he was the friend of "robber barons" like Rockefeller, Archbold and the meat dynasts of the Chicago stockyards, and because his campaigns were used by big business as a distraction from such classic industrial disputes as the Paterson strike and the Ludlow Massacre in Colorado. But Mr. McLoughlin argues that Sunday himself was unconscious of the role he was playing. He never understood, as Lincoln Steffens did, that the pious but hypocritical "good men" were inextricably linked to the saloons, whore-houses and corrupt political machines that he attacked. Even the large donations he received from industrialists were taken as a sign of grace, and a tribute to the good old American virtues.

The clue to Sunday's appeal lies in a list of his devils: saloon-keepers, brewers, drunkards, atheists, Socialists, white-slavers, Orientals, the unemployed, the intellectuals, the Germans, strikers and prostitutes. He spoke for the "decent" old-stock white American, whose values were threatened; he spoke for the farmer, and the merchant, the clean family man—and the fact that he promised them and them alone salvation brought them swarming to his tabernacles. In the same way, but with a modified technique, Billy Graham more recently appealed to our lower-middle-class, the status-conscious, who were in revolt against the strictures and frustrations laid on them by the increased strength of the working-class and by the welfare state. Evangelism succeeds when it is based on a social group that is denied the status it craves, yet cannot make its protest politically effective.

And, of course, in Billy Sunday's case it succeeded brilliantly, because he had a genius for his vocation. He prepared a crusade thoroughly, enlisting the support of all the local evangelical clergy. The clergy co-operated because they hoped Sunday would fill their emptying churches, even though he emptied them while the crusade lasted. But, as Mr. McLoughlin shows conclusively, in this respect Sunday failed: his converts were either confirmed churchgoers already, merely "reconsecrating" themselves, or else they failed in their resolution once Sunday's magic had faded in their minds. Of the 98,000 "trail-hitters" in New York, less than 200 became church-members. In one church, the preacher weeded through 273 pledge cards to find only seven new promises of membership, and not one of those promises was taken up. Sunday's campaigns cost so much money, moreover, that they drained off funds which were badly needed by the churches that sponsored him. It would be interesting to see comparable figures for the people saved by Billy Graham.

Sunday's meetings, indeed, seem to have contributed much more to the social outlook of the group to whom he preached than to their religious sentiments, to have unleashed reaction rather than salvation. This is scarcely surprising, for Sunday's crude but forceful sermons—delivered at three hundred words a minute—were theologically obscure. Many of them, in fact, were simply borrowed or plagiarised from other evangelists. Sunday's attraction lay partly in his method of delivery—a one-man performance, with brilliant mimicry—and it lay partly in his capacity to translate his confused denunciations and his Bible moralities into a hard-hitting vernacular. Here is his description of Mary and Martha:

> Mary was one of these Uneeda biscuit, peanut butter, gelatin and pimento sort of women. . . . I am glad to speak for Martha. She was my favourite. Martha was a beefsteak, baked potato, apple sauce with lemon and nutmeg, coffee and whipped cream, apple pie and cheese sort of woman.

Herod, according to Sunday's version:

> shoved Salome out into the room to do her little stunt. He said to her: "Go like a twin-six." She had anklets and bracelets on, but she didn't have clothes enough on to flag a hand car. And she spun round on her toe and stuck her foot out at a quarter to twelve.

This volume contains many passages of this kind, and many more which reveal quite clearly that a resentful, muddled protest against the new America was the real theme that Sunday preached. After he had done his duty in the war by frenzied chauvinism, he quite easily accepted the support of the Klan, shouted for "firing squads" for the "crazy Socialists," and found the South—old-stock, racist and Fundamentalist—a more congenial post-war stamping ground. Sunday's life is a study in political degeneration: and Mr. McLoughlin has made it into one of the most fascinating biographies I have read.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The Radical

George Meredith. By JACK LINDSAY. *Bodley Head.* 30*s.*

"But though Gorky did not know Meredith's work, we cannot refuse to Meredith the title of precursor," writes Mr. Jack Lindsay towards the end of this new study. There is need for a serious appreciation of Meredith as a political novelist, and we were very willing to believe that a Marxist might dig up something that others had neglected or misread; instead, we get that preposterous sentence and scores of others like it. To discuss Meredith's political ideas is excellent, for they were of primal importance to him; but when a doctrinaire critic of enthusiastically narrow mind and obscure verbosity performs the task, the result is a disaster. The sad thing is that Mr. Lindsay must be one of the few who has industriously read Meredith again and we had a right to hope for more than the weary old gramophone record. The phrase "cash nexus" appears on page after page; the public invariably appears as the "bourgeoisie": the blunt needle has stuck.

It is perfectly true that Meredith wrote a poem exalting the Russian revolutionaries of 1905. The whole liberal world supported and hoped for the liberation of the Russian masses. Meredith was not alone! It is perfectly true that Meredith was a Radical and did not compound, as his master Carlyle did, but remained strongly so until the end of his life. He lived by rhetoric and shots of rhetoric are apt for the prolonging of faith. But it is irrelevant and unprovable to say that Meredith could not go to the limit in his politics because there was no mass audience and because he feared to lose his small public. Nor is it true that his critics—and his admirers—concentrated on the affectations and elegancies of his style, because they were hostile to his content. The fact is that it is hard to get at the content because of the style. Surely the attack on the hypocrisies of bourgeois society is a commonplace of the novel in the nineteenth century? The political subject had been dealt with boldly by Disraeli, Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, Carlyle and Ruskin. Even the respectable Trollope was disillusioned about mid-Victorian society and showed his pessimism plainly. Mr. Lindsay's attack on Meredith's critics is obtuse. His methods are, to put it mildly, fanciful. On what conceivable authority can Mr. Lindsay write the final sentences of this passage on *The Egoist*:

> In the preface Meredith made clear that he meant to embody in Patterne the last stage of egoism, of self-alienation: the final disintegrative form of the "grand old Egoism that afore time built the House." He shrank only from the plain statement: Here is the ruling class, about to give up the ghost—beyond them comes up the day of brotherhood, the "convulsion" of a new society. He felt like that, but he was inhibited against stating the issues quite so obviously.

What "inhibited" him? It is true that he had *nearly* made such a statement in Dr. Shrapnel's famous Radical denunciation of the Ego in *Beauchamp's Career*; but the revolutionary doctor who

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CASSELL

believed in the class war and who thought that the workers would "universalise and disperse the ego" drew back because he also thought that the price might be despotism. In any case, Meredith was careful to report the whole statement at second-hand, ironically. Mr. Lindsay says that here he "sprawls in confusion"; *i.e.* is not a Marxist. Possibly; but the doctor looks pretty accurate now. Again, in discussing the end of Nevil Beauchamp in *Beauchamp's Career*, Mr. Lindsay says that the end is optimistic because, at any rate, Beauchamp gave his life for a *worker's* child. If we read the hymn-book quickly enough optimism can always be gathered; a calmer reader of the text sees the irony of Meredith's words about the rescued "insignificant bit of mudbank life", the dry, curt, hopeless phrase: "This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamp."

A reactionary critic might as justifiably reply to Mr. Lindsay: "A worker has been saved. Imagination and courage have gone." A sensible critic would point out that a Quixote or a Rudin has died perfunctorily and—from an artistic and human point of view—that we are left unpurged by tragedy, with a body on our hands. As a moralist Meredith wrote with his nose in the air.

The Radicals have always been an embarrassment to Marxist criticism. They were rebels, they had energy and optimism; their defect, from the Marxist point of view, has been their love of liberty. But to discuss Meredith as an example of a Radical who would have been a Communist if only he had known, is inept; and leads to the dangerous simplification of a complex character. Meredith's dandyism was itself an act of revolt, an act as important as his Radicalism. A far more important fact (which Mr. Lindsay is right to put great stress on) is that Meredith affects a foreign pose in English life. This is crucial to any understanding of his idiosyncrasy. Only the English believed they were a parliamentary democracy. No foreigner believed it, and even now believes it only in the parliamentary half of the definition. Meredith, who pretended for reasons of social embarrassment, that he was Welsh, who was educated in Germany and grew up with a few simple racial fantasies, regarded England with a foreign monocle from across the Channel. He saw two Englands: one, the romantic and feudal and the other, gross, vulgar, strong and newly rich, aping it. This view is brilliantly paraded and there are no general accounts of the English social and political scene in the English novel as original and arresting as Meredith's, not even Disraeli's. Only Carlyle is as dramatic; upon what he had read in Carlyle, the German-taught Scot, Meredith built his own acquired foreign vision. It is an awkward one, for Meredith's own realistic pictures of rural England are in clumsy conflict with the ideas that sizzle in his generalisations. Mr. Lindsay would have had an easier time getting Meredith into the strait-jacket, if he had, indeed, been the normal didactic novelist of his century; but he was not. He was, for evasive and romantic reasons, an ironist and a disorientated man of brain: in politics, rhetorical; in his scientific airs, poetic; in his paganism, a philanderer.

Against Mr. Lindsay's political smugness must be placed his genuine fervour for a novelist who has been grossly neglected because he has tired the eye. Mr. Lindsay is right to turn us to *Harry Richmond* and *One of Our Conquerors*; I think he is snobbish in condemning *Diana of the Crossways* because it was popular in America. The Americans were just the people to appreciate Meredith's foreign view of English society. But the defect of Mr. Lindsay's dogmatic method is that it dulls perception. Why should Roy set up a positive view of the world against the Squire's egoistical greed at the end of *Harry Richmond*? The book does not require it. Mr. Lindsay could have noted that reconciliation, often of the most conventional kind, is the end of Meredith's pyrotechnics and rebellions; he could have asked why Meredith thought this desirable. The answer, I think, has nothing to do with politics. Those reconciliations in *Evan Harrington*, in *Harry Richmond*, in *Diana of the Crossways*, and in Beauchamp's dull marriage, seem to indicate a craving for the simple, prosaic and peaceful, for a kind of anonymity—a craving which is only too likely to overcome both those who have been the victims of overpowering personalities and those who have exhausted themselves, as Meredith himself did, in fantastic but lonely exhibitions. Egoism is not a vice of the "self-alienated bourgeoisie" alone, it is a permanent human characteristic and, as such, irredeemable.

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Murder of a Conscience

The Worker-Priests: A Collective Documentation. Translated by JOHN PETRIE. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

"Rome must realise that after this the Church will appear in the eyes of the workers as definitely bound to capitalism." The speaker was Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris; the occasion, a meeting of 26 bishops and superiors called to hear the Papal Nuncio announce the dissolution of the worker-priest movement. It was the decisive moment in the greatest spiritual crisis which the Church has faced in this century. For the Cardinal spoke not only for a tiny band of missionaries, striving to bring a spiritual dimension into the degraded material universe of the French proletariat, not only for the French Church—impetuous, misguided often, but eternally ready to breathe into the decaying body of Christianity the vital warmth of ideas and change—but, above all, for the aroused conscience of the Catholic world. His words, alas, went unheeded; the ideals for which the worker-priests stood were murdered according to plan. Monsignor Marella, the Nuncio, was merely the assassin; the strategist was Cardinal Ottaviani, Secretary to the Holy Office in distant and inflexible Rome; and the crime duly received the apostolic imprimatur of a sick and hesitant Pope.

Why were the worker-priests condemned? Rome gave a theologian's reply: their work in factories was incompatible with their spiritual duties as priests. The real answer is contained in this book, a history of the movement reconstructed from press-reports and other published sources. The fact is, when the movement began there was no question of doctrinal heterodoxy. The worker-priests were sponsored by Cardinal Suhard, Mgr. Feltin's predecessor; they received the enthusiastic support of most of the French hierarchy; even the Jesuits sent volunteers. Within limits—they never, at any one time, numbered more than a hundred—their achievement was rapid and spectacular. They brought Christianity into thousands of homes and factories which parish priests had failed to penetrate. Their success in loosening the grip of Marxist materialism on the industrial workers is attested by the violent, vindictive and invariable hostility of the Party itself. They were, in fact, too successful. They discovered that the Church could recover its influence among the workers provided it identified itself with the causes which, in the past, the Party had monopolised; and this, in the eyes of Rome, was a dangerous discovery.

Sooner or later, a showdown was inevitable. It came in May, 1952, when two worker-priests were arrested for taking part in a demonstration against Nato. They were picked up, ironically, in the Rue de Nôtre Dame de Recouvrance, whilst helping a man who had been beaten senseless by police truncheons. One of them described what followed afterwards:

> When we got to the station, without a word or a question, without any check of identity, we were put through a beating almost before we were through the door. We were grabbed by a score of policemen (city police, not the state security corps). They began to strike us with their fists, their truncheons and their boots, mainly on the head but also on the body and the private parts. When we fell down they picked us up and began again despite our cries, until we were in a state of collapse, disfigured, unable to react, knocked about to the point of passing out. Then they seized us by our clerical habits and took us down to the cellar. One of us had his chest naked and they dragged him face downwards down the steps. There they left us on the floor.

Their full report, published in *Les Lettres Françaises* and endorsed by Cardinal Feltin, threw the French Right into angry confusion. Even its title—"For Those Who Can Never Speak and Who Would Never Be Believed"—was significant. The workers had found new and unimpeachable spokesmen, whose evidence could not be refuted by a simple official denial. The report could not be discounted except by discrediting its authors. And this could only be done by their own superiors—on safe theological grounds.

There followed protests and representations from industrialists—not only in France, but in Germany and Italy, where the worker-priest virus showed signs of spreading. The wheels of Rome spun slowly into action. In June 1953, the ominous figure of Cardinal Tisserant appeared in Paris, dispatched from the Vatican on a "fact-finding tour." In September, the worker-priest seminary was closed down. The same month, Mgr. Marella held his fatal meeting. In November, three French cardinals went to Rome in a desperate, last-minute attempt to intercede on the priests' behalf; but the Vatican remained obdurate. The beginning of the end came in December, when the Jesuits withdrew from the experiment; a few weeks later, the French hierarchy announced that the worker-priests could not, in future, spend more than three hours a day in factory work, and could never, under any circumstances, belong to trades unions or other organisations. These conditions effectively prevented the priests from fulfilling their missions—as they were designed to do. But the priests were not the only victims: in February, the clerical publicists who supported them were purged. Three French Dominican provincials were removed. *La Quinzaine* and the *Editions du Cerf* were told to cease publication.

The Vatican had done its best to stifle the

conscience of French Catholicism. But there were men whom it could not touch: men like François Mauriac, the editors of *Témoignage Chrétien*—and the worker-priests themselves. So far as can be ascertained, only about one-third of them accepted the new conditions. The rest have defied the authorities and continued to work in the factories. That is why all Catholics should read this book—above all, English Catholics, insulated as they are from all the living currents of their faith. The worker-priests, they may conclude, were guilty of the sin of spiritual pride, in setting up their judgment above that of Rome. Perhaps; but if so, what name can we give to the sin of those cold prelates in the Vatican? Over whose judgment did *they* set themselves?

PAUL JOHNSON

Keeping Up With Racine

Aspects of Racinian Tragedy. By JOHN C. LAPP. *Oxford: Toronto.* 40*s.*

The Simplicity of Racine. By MAURICE BOWRA. *Oxford.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Much of Sartre's success in the immediate post-war years came from his ability to express sentiments normally considered as unavowable in terms acceptable to a majority of the educated class. And much of the resistance to what was unkindly called *excrémentielisme*, however rationalised by philosophical objections, came from a minority which remained unconvinced on, ultimately, grounds of taste. Most highly original authors provoke similar conflicts, but the dramatist, who has to take the self-consciousness of an audience into account, provokes them more acutely than the novelist or the poet. If he cannot somehow gear his idiom to the contemporary idea of what dramatic idiom should be, he has small chance of being allowed to say anything new.

If Sigmund Freud had been possible in the seventeenth century, he could hardly have escaped the fire. Racine, in whose plays Freudians have found so much that seems familiar to them, ended up with a privileged position in the royal household and embalmment in the old Comédie Française. Just how he achieved this, socially but above all artistically, is a question of inexhaustible fascination. How, for example, did he infiltrate into what may journalistically be called U-sentiment those patterns of supreme bitchery provided by his heroines? For the less sophisticated Greeks they had been monsters or monstrously put-upon victims. In Racine they became bitches *in excelsis*, but acceptable ones, to at least as large a proportion of U-thinkers as Sartre has succeeded in winning over to his dreadful characters. What opposition there was sprang chiefly from an older generation, brought up on the notion that tragedy should be "noble" and "sublime," and quite incapable of unlearning it. How gingerly did Madame de Sévigné, a typical U-thinker, approach the "wild passion" of Racine, how pathetically she conceded that there must be something in it, since she could never mistake fashion, and how desperately she reassured herself by concluding that the right man was still Corneille. "That is true taste—cling to it!" she wrote to her daughter, who by that time must have moved well above bothering about U or non-U.

Just how much contraband psychology Racine smuggled through under the cloak of high tragedy is indicated by Mr. Lapp, who adds a number of interesting suggestions of his own. He sticks rigorously to textual analysis, ignoring historical and other aids. The effect, as usually with this method, is similar to the most exacting kind of detective fiction, in which certain obvious but too crudely realistic gambits are ruled out by convention. The critic ties his right hand behind his back in order to develop the virtuosity of the left. Thus, because Racine wrote *en Aulide* instead of *à Aulide*, he probably "thought of Aulis, not as a city, but as an area without clearly defined limits"—and so could set the action of *Iphigénie* symbolically outside space and time. My guess, which is as good as Mr. Lapp's, is that Racine was weak in geography and simply thought that Aulis was a large island. However, it is never safe to underestimate the subtlety of Racine and this book certainly adds to an understanding of him by its refusal to do so. Its author, an American university teacher, seems to have been partly driven into an excess of precision by the belief that English-speaking readers still connect Racine with pomp, periwigs and ham declamation. In support, he has to go back as far as Leigh Hunt in English criticism, though only to 1949 in American. It seems possible that the esoteric tone of much American academic criticism is due to a feeling of being encircled by barbarians. The specialist is a magus who is forced in self-justification into producing astonishing results. Hence he develops a needle-sharpness of vision, leading sometimes to distortion through sheer concentration on the object. The same thing seems sometimes to occur at Cambridge.

At Oxford, however, the humanist can apparently still survive without self-consciousness. In his Zaharoff Lecture Sir Maurice Bowra assumes a good deal that Mr. Lapp feels obliged to prove. He does so in general terms, probes few details, and writes a shrewd survey which can be faulted only occasionally on specialised grounds. He makes admirably the point with which this review began. My italics:

> Racine is not only far more subtle than the Attic tragedians in his analysis of motives and vagaries of character, but sometimes admits to tragedy psychological conditions which, *but for his art in assimilating them*, might seem to be below its dignity.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

New Novels

Band of Angels. By ROBERT PENN WARREN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

The Game and the Ground. By PETER VANSITTART. *Reinhardt.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A View of the Heath. By DAVID UNWIN. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Small World. By W. JOHN MORGAN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Robert Penn Warren is a writer whose failures—*World Enough and Time* for example—are more interesting than most people's successes; *Band of Angels* is, I think, the best novel he has yet written. The place and time he has chosen to know—nineteenth-century Kentucky—come alive with a thickness and sureness that is almost uncanny and in a way sinister, as if the past had opened and swallowed up one's mind.

Band of Angels is the story of Amantha Starr, brought up as the daughter of a planter, just before the Civil War, and sold as a slave immediately after her father's death. Her father, fearless, kindly, had kept her in ignorance of the fact that her mother was a slave. Her metamorphosis from a person into a chattel is more terrifying than any nightmare, or than Kafka's cockroach, because it has the brute solidity of history. Mr. Penn Warren is able to face—as a contemporary novelist could not have done, without some kind of sentimentality—the normal course, as it seemed, of a slave-owning society. Indeed, it is the merit of the historical novel—if written by one with the extraordinary imaginative reach required—that it causes to stand out constantly behind the "normal," the absurd and terrible, the bone beneath the flesh. Amantha Starr herself, even in revolting against slavery, inwardly half-welcomes her condition. Her master, Hamish Bond, who "had kindness like a disease" and does in fact set her free, yet is also obsessed by the need to treat her "like a nigger."

And Tobias Sears, the New England soldier, who becomes her husband and is the sworn and active foe of slavery in all its forms, is also, deep in his being, in league. In one small and characteristic scene, Tobias attempts to persuade a hotel-keeper—in the West, after the war—to admit

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a Negro. When the hotel-keeper refuses, Tobias, at the risk of his own livelihood in the community, publicly insults him. But, as Amantha discerns from Tobias's telling of the story, he does so because, on the initial refusal, he had caught a pitying look from the Negro—"*so you have to take it too.*" Because he could not bear to be thought of as "like a nigger" he, the apostle of equality, challenges the oppressor. This kind of movement comes again and again in *Band of Angels*; we accept an action—and it is a novel of action—at its face value and then, at a later turning, we see it quite differently, the good action often not so good, the bad action sometimes not so bad. Evil comes casually, not at first recognisable; the wicked, which all the characters at some time are, act in a slight semi-voluntary protective daze; this sometimes extends subtly to the narrative itself. And the interplay of illusion and reality, freedom and slavery, moves easily through Mr. Robert Penn Warren's well-known duality of style, the lyricism that is lugubrious yet true, like a very good fish-soup, and the raw and cutting dialect. *Band of Angels* is a very remarkable novel indeed, and deserves careful and extended study.

"Wherever critics discuss the contemporary novel," Mr. Peter Vansittart's publishers tell us, "Mr. Peter Vansittart's name is heard." Accompanied, I presume, by a volley of coarse oaths. *The Game and the Ground* is one of those works which rely for their effects on a solemn—and in a curious way proprietary—reference to horrors of recent history, such as gas-chambers. This history is not imagined—as Mr. Penn Warren's Kentucky is imagined—but merely represented by journalistic tags of gruesomeness. "Fifteen tons of human hair outside Warsaw." It seems to be felt that an extra, a timeless, resonance is conferred on this kind of thing by calling the Third Reich "the Regime," the S.S. "the Organisation," and so on. (I had thought this habit went out with Mr. William Sansom, but no.) The book is about re-educating orphaned and homeless children in an anonymous post-war Germany. The methods of re-education are bizarre, the children grotesque, the total effect like reading one of the *St. Trinian's* books with a toothache.

A View of the Heath is a regional novel, about adultery in Hampstead ("Only yesterday a stranger had trailed her from MacFisheries as far as Frognal"). It is neatly constructed, not too long, at least plausibly written, with a faint greenish tinge ("the lank strand of hair bowing over the left temple, the cigarette stub adhering to the under-lip"). The theme, above and beyond adultery, is that of the betrayal of childhood. The child's reactions are intelligently conceived and soberly described: yet it is the word "reactions," with its clinical flavour, that comes to the mind. If there were such a thing as the typical contemporary novel ("serious" category) this, I suppose, would be it, which is a pity. Why should we take an interest in just *this* unsuccessful artist, *that* unsatisfied wife, *that* retired colonial official, *this* complicated situation? Mr. Unwin failed to make me feel that the question was irrelevant; or to answer it.

The Small World is a piece of lucky-Jacobean. The words "A Very Funny Novel" printed on the dust-cover rather inhibit laughter, and are in any case not true, but the book has a geniality and dash about it which are attractive. I cannot say whether life in a Welsh University town is as high-spirited and full of intrigue and practical jokes as it is here shown but it is pleasant, for one living elsewhere, to think it might be. The book may be confidently recommended to, among others, those who are collecting material for a thesis on "The Influence of Mr. Kingsley Amis on the Modern English Novel."

DONAT O'DONNELL

Shorter Reviews

The Twentieth Century. May, 1956. Mental Health Special Number. 2*s*.

This symposium has the very laudable intention of stimulating public opinion on the need for reform in the care of mental patients, but it has failed conspicuously to produce any practical constructive ideas. There has been no difficulty in showing how unsatisfactory is the present state of affairs. At present there are 20,000 more patients in mental hospitals than they should hold; only five new hospitals have been built since 1914. The annual turnover amongst the 150,000 mental patients is 40 per cent.; nearly 70 per cent. of admissions go out relieved, but this figure is not as encouraging as it sounds, for nearly 40 per cent. are readmissions due to relapse or too early discharge.

Four of these papers are of outstanding quality. Dr. Emmanuel Miller's closely packed study of modern psycho-therapy should be intelligible to any educated layman; Dr. Stengel gives a comparable survey of the physical treatments now available to the mentally sick; Dr. Smythies has a harder task in summarising the present position of the monist-dualist controversy, but he makes a gallant try. Perhaps the most original and important contribution is that of Mrs. Barbara Wootton on "Sickness or Sin?" With deceptive lightness of touch she deflates some of the current assumptions of the mental health campaign and boldly queries whether those who seek to identify anti-social conduct with sickness know where they are going. This is "a serious muddle," she points out, "if only because it is one which goes to the roots of our conceptions of morality."

The four remaining papers have features of interest but either lack balance in their outlook or deal with specialised aspects of mental health more suitable for discussion in a professional journal. The article on psychopathic criminals is dangerously optimistic about cure and shows an imperfect acquaintance with mental disorder. The most serious defect of the whole symposium is, however, the failure to face the basic difficulty, shortness of staff. It is particularly unfortunate that the contribution on nursing, "The Three Johns," while picturesque, pathetic, and certainly accurate up to a point, gives a quite unfair picture of nursing standards as a whole. Its only effect could be to make the situation worse by discouraging decent candidates from entering the profession.

L. F.

Welsh Short Stories. Edited by GWYN JONES. *Oxford.* 6*s*.

Twenty-six stories at this price is excellent value for money, especially for people unfamiliar with them. Anyone, though, alert to the output of that group of Anglo-Welshmen who wrote much and promised so much more in the Thirties and Forties but who died young or found novel-length beyond them or simply dried up, will find little here that's new. It's a case of what's oft been read but ne'er so well collected. The patriarchal and towering figure is, of course, Caradoc Evans, represented here by *Be This Her Memorial* and *A Father in Sion* and there are characteristic samples of Rhys Davies, Dylan Thomas, Alun Lewis, the Joneses Glyn and Gwyn, Richard Hughes and others. Gwyn Thomas devotees will be glad to see *And a Spoonful of Grief to Taste* and *Thy Need*. Even those who find his novels defy too many of the laws of fiction, would do well to read these early, plotted, unprolix pieces.

What are available for the first time are stories translated from the Welsh of Kate Roberts, D. J. Williams and Islwyn Williams, each of whom is properly respected in Wales. These writers are more sparing in their adjectives than their English-writing compatriots and might even seem less Welsh to the uninstructed foreigner. The other new tale is by Aled Vaughan, the youngest (b. 1920) contributor. This volume might well be seen as marking the end of a lively era in Anglo-Welsh writing. Vigour, a mordant and bizarre wit, wild humour, a proper regard for character, bearable whimsy and hovering melancholia were its main characteristics, although Caradoc Evans had a tragic genius. If there was also a little too much of the quasi-poetic for modern tastes, that's only to be expected. Most of these stories were written when things were different.

W. J. M.

Personality and Group Relations in Industry. By MICHAEL P. FOGARTY. *Longmans.* 30*s*.

This is a curious and unconvincing hotchpotch of ideas about economics, psychology and sociology, illustrated by 70 intricate charts and diagrams, some of them far from helpful to the reader. Professor Fogarty claims that he is running an Applied Arts department and that this is a necessary workbook: he admits that it has little or nothing original about it except its arrangement. It is doubtful whether the book will have much use as a workbook for other people's departments, although many of the cases it quotes are conveniently put together from a variety of sources: its arrangement, not assisted by the method of printing, looks idiosyncratic rather than scientific. Professor Fogarty can no doubt make good use of his book in his own classes, and he is obviously

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prepared to experiment freely in both content and presentation. The general reader, or even the specialist student of industrial relations may, however, be put off rather than encouraged. More conventional approaches to the subject or the brilliant analyses of non-academic writers like Peter Drucker seem much more balanced and rewarding.

A. B.

The Mouchotte Diaries. By René Mouchotte. *Staples.* 15*s.*

France may have earned the utter contempt of many for her capitulation in 1940. Yet how heroically she shone through defeat by the bravery of many of her sons at that very time. *The Mouchotte Diaries* finely illustrate this spirit of salvation through unalienable hope and despairing daring. They were kept by a young French fighter-pilot from 1940 when he and six others escaped from Oran in a disabled aircraft to his death three years later leading a largely French fighter wing from Biggin Hill.

These diaries vibrate with a spring-time hope and a spirit-quenching sadness. Literate, moving, simply told, they express the emotional driving power of the expatriate patriot. The essential difference between fliers such as Mouchotte and his English brethren was that every sortie took these young Frenchmen home, to a home where their loved ones lived, but where they were stigmatised traitors. The emotional conflict of loyalties was enormous, and Mouchotte writes that the mercuriality of the French youths' temperament, at the loss, say, of a comrade, was noted in reports by the phlegmatic British. Mouchotte himself had always consciously to control his nerves. A leader and air tactician of much distinction, he suffered from the Nelson touch. Oxygen and extreme heights made him sick, he blacked-out frequently, and underwent extreme discomfort when in the air. Flying was rarely agreeable and always a worry. Nevertheless, for two years before his death, he never took a week's leave. Always ready to fly, he writes, or be stuck in an admin. office which he hated. And then the cry, uttered or felt by how many at that time? "Anyway, where can I go?"

M. C.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,368

Set by Allan M. Laing

Poetic dithyrambs on wine, tobacco and food are legion, but has anyone ever celebrated in verse the innocent delights of ice-cream? To remedy this omission—if it is one—competitors are asked to submit not more than fourteen lines of English verse on this theme. Entries by May 29.

Result of No. 1,365

Set by John Raymond

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from *Sludge the Analyst, Billy Blougram's Apology* or *Caliban upon Woomera.*

Report

What I missed most was Browning's invention, his learned arabesques, but this was probably my own fault for choosing the wrong substitutes for the bishop and the medium. Jokes about psychoanalysis have to be very good to work properly.

As the titles implied, I was looking for blank verse parodies and the spirited rhymes of Alice James and John Thornton had therefore regretfully to be ruled out of court. One was also after Browning similes—conceits such as the bishop's

> We mortals cross the ocean of this world
> Each in his average cabin of a life . . .
> A piano-forte is a fine resource,
> All Balzac's novels occupy one shelf . . .

M. J. Morden came nearest to this with his lines about the jeep and the four-wheel drive, but, unfortunately, didn't quite get the image smoothed out. Two guineas to J. R. Till, and a guinea each to the other three printed below. Runners-up: Amy Hollins, Eileen M. Haggitt, A. M. Sayers, D. McRitchie, Guy Kruger and Valdor.

BILLY BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

You blink, my friend—the light's a shade too strong?
Then let me switch it to Repentance Pink—
That's better. Yet it makes me think, and man,
You know, was made (see *Genesis*) to live
Rather than fret. The melon's to your taste?
Well, sir, between ourselves, sometimes I'm plagued
With vague soul-itchings under the glare
Of searchlights kilo-watted for the Lord—
And then I'm in an upper room, ill-lit,
God's henchman humbled. Still, that can be cured.
And how? Brother, an early morning shower
To pitch God's amps against the Devil's ohms!

J. R. Till

Granting the fact that exposition's based
(How otherwise?) upon the given source,
How comes it then, you ask, my talking done,
Penitents, converts, call them what you will,
(Two hundred souls for God!) are straightway set
On different paths to reach the self-same goal?
One road's the shortest, set them off on that!
No, friend, I think that mine's the wiser plan.
Put case you've lost your way. There happens by
A stranger. "Yon's the road that you should take."
You're ill at ease; it's not the track you know.
I put *my* strays upon the paths they've left!

Leslie Johnson

CALIBAN UPON WOOMERA

No small green isle, but a vast waste of sand,
Barren as death and desolate as sin
Holds him enthralled. New masters now command
Whom he obeys with zest. As in a gin
Held high amidst the wireless masts and towers
Reluctant Ariel, too, serves these new powers.

Here Prospero's prescience seemed a feeble art;
Men have advanced since then. No magic spell
Chanted by sorcerer could launch a dart
Having the power to blast a town to hell.
Caliban smiled; this science of the devil
Would soon reduce all mankind to HIS level!

E. Timperley

Thy glittering toy is grandchild of my curse,
And this defenceless globe shall melt away
In loud confusing noise. Aye, masters, play,
Aye, play the better and make worse the day.

A.B.C.

City Lights

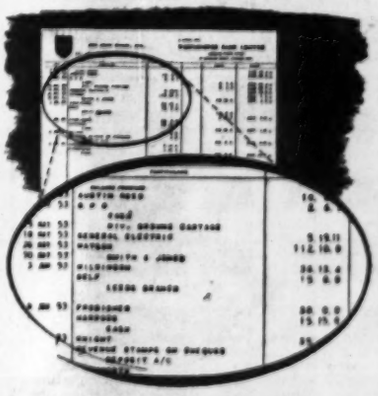
Wall Street Jitters

Share prices have been gently drifting downwards. Wall Street has taken a fit of the jitters at the temporary shut-down at General Motors and prices there have fallen sharply. Over here, the reflected effect has been most obvious in Oil and Copper shares, and in those of individual companies (Borax, Bowaters and Hudson's Bay, for example) which particularly interest American investors, but the general atmosphere has been dispirited. Even gilt-edged stocks have been influenced by the prevailing mood. The failure of the Essex County issue, and the local election results may both have had something to do with it, but the persistence of small selling is probably due basically to doubts about the economic situation. The preliminary trade results for April were expectedly disappointing. With a short month, exports and imports both dropped; but exports dropped more, and the trade gap rose by £12m. The Baltic freeze-up and the foreign strikes which postponed import arrivals and gave an artificially bright look to the trade figures for February and March have helped to stop the rise in the gilt-edged market in mid-May. There is every reason to hope for a gradual fall in imports over the months ahead: in the first quarter of the year, for example, there were sharp drops in steel deliveries to the motor-car and durable consumer goods industries, tinplate imports must be nearly at an end, and those of sheet should decline steadily. On the other hand, the sharp increase in exports needed to redress the balance of payments has not yet appeared. Exports, so far this year, have been some 4½ per cent. higher than in the first four months of 1955, but the increase has been entirely a matter of higher prices.

* * *

Meanwhile the prices of some imported raw materials have been dropping quite sharply. The price of copper fell by almost 8 per cent. in April; prices of raw rubber, tin, lead, zinc and jute dropped by 3½-5 per cent., while the only commodities to rise in price at all notably were aluminium and raw wool. Copper has been the clearest example of a steady price fall. Since February, the metal has dropped some £90 a ton from its £436 peak, and the immediate outlook is extremely uncertain. Freedom from strikes has allowed higher production to make

Putting it plainly



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its effect felt on prices at a time when demand was in any case easing; the cutback in U.S. car output (which may have an even more serious effect on zinc) has recently accelerated the decline. But whether prices will fall much further is difficult to say. For one thing, the U.S. has begun to buy for the stockpile again. For another, the world industry's present freedom from strikes may not last for ever. At the end of June, a new wage agreement will have to be negotiated between the U.S. copper producers and their workers.

Freight rates have continued to rise steadily, and are at their highest point since the Korean peak. Shipment of U.S. coal across the Atlantic is still the main factor affecting prices. Far Eastern rates have weakened a little following on the end of the season for grain exports from Australia.

* * *

The *Daily Mirror* has twice been in the news. The first time was last week, when A. E. Reed, the paper-makers, announced its intention of raising £6.6m through an equity rights issue. There can be little doubt that the large holding of voting shares in Reeds held by the *Mirror* and its associates governed the form of the issue. Voting and non-voting shares have to be offered the same rights in an issue of this kind. An issue of voting shares would have weakened the control of the *Mirror* group while calling for a heavy cash subscription. An issue of non-voting shares, even if equally assured of success, might have created difficulties for the *Mirror* later on. So the issue is to be a mixture of voting and non-voting shares. The *Mirror* group will have to put up the cash, but its control will be weakened only to a small extent, and it will be able, later on, to do as it did before—to sell its non-voting shares off through a placing, using the proceeds, if it wishes, to restore its proportionate holding of voting shares.

The *Mirror's* balance-sheet this week shows a strong liquid position (cash, Treasury bills, and tax certificates), which explains its ability to subscribe for the Reed issue as well as to enter commercial television. The market value of its quoted investments (chiefly in Reed and in Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper) is greater than the present market value of the *Mirror's* own capital. The point is that the *Mirror* shareholder is receiving only a very small return on the value of these assets—and will probably continue to do so, even though earnings this year should recover from the drop caused in the financial year 1955-6 by a combination of strikes and higher operating costs.

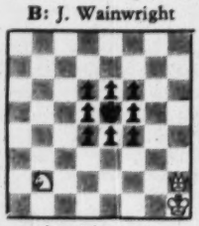
TAURUS

The Chess Board

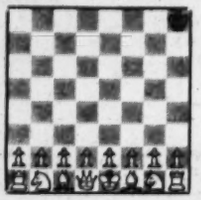
No. 340. Copycat Confounded

To commend imitation as a sincere form of flattery may well require a mature mind complacently resigned to the dearth of original ideas, but a child would certainly sneer "copycat" and show his healthy contempt for the proposition of **A** by applauding the calamitous outcome for Black. No diagram is required. Competitors should simply put up (or visualise) the basic position and concoct a game in which every one of White's first three moves is slavishly copied by Black who is duly mated on the 4th (and serves him jolly well right too). While 5 points for this may be generous enough, **B** at 6 points is a veritable bargain. A seasonal connotation may be found in the assumption that bowling-

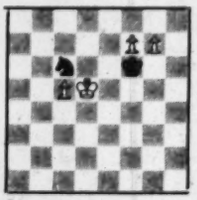
B: J. Wainwright



C: W. A. Shinkman



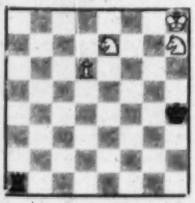
D: M. Weiss



alleys are well frequented at Whitsuntide. Anyway, this particular King-pin, well sheltered though he seems, is to be toppled on the fourth throw. In other words, it's a mate in 4. **C** (for 7 points) is not quite so simple. At first sight one would feel inclined to blame White for having sorely neglected his development, while Black would seem to have been rather careless of his bits and pieces. It is, in fact, a game-position reached after a mere 16 moves. How then did it come about? What with the evidently growing predilection of many readers for sui-mates I would not dare to offer a holiday competition without including at least one such delightful specimen. **D** is a rather tricky one, and at first sight it would seem to be incredible how Black, reduced to a solitary Kt, can be forced to mate the White K. Yet, it can be done, even though (against the best defence) it takes 42 moves. This may seem a formidable proposition for a mere 8 points, but for the helpful hint, that the execution of the White monarch takes place in the extreme SW-corner of his realm; moreover, all his loyal pawns will achieve promotion, each to a different rank.

In rating **E** and **F** (both wins for White) as generously as 9 and 10 points I am merely prompted by the desire to reach a grand total of 45 ladder points to be garnered this week-end. Hence I shall offer no hint, apart from the suggestion of a certain affinity in glorifying the prowess of a Kt.

E: M. S. Liburkin 1930



F: W. A. Korolkov & M. S. Liburkin 1948

Usual prizes. Entries by May 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITIONS

No. 336. Set April 21

A: (1) Q-R5 ch, Kt x Q, (2) P x P ch, K-Kt3, (3) B-B2 ch, K-Kt4, (4) R-B5 ch, K-Kt3, (5) R-B6 ch, K-Kt4, (6) R-Kt6 ch, K-R5, (7) R-K4 ch, Kt-B5, (8) R x Kt ch, K-R4, (9) P-Kt3!, any (10) R-R4 mate.

B: (1) Kt-Kt6, P-Kt7, (2) Kt-Q5 ch, K-Q3, (3) Kt-B3, K-B4, (4) Kt-Kt1!, (Kt-R4 ch?), K-Kt5, (5) K-Kt6, P-B6, (6) B-Q3, K-Kt6, (7) K-Kt5, P-B7, (8) B-B4 mate
if (3) . . . K-K4; (4) Kt-Kt1, K-Q5, (5) B-B8, P-B6, (6) B-B5, etc.

C: (1) Q-QR1 ch, K-R2, (2) Q-Kt1 ch, K-R1, (3) Q-Kt2 ch, K-R2, (4) Q-B2 ch, K-R1, (5) Q-B3 ch, K-R2, (6) Q-Q3 ch! (Q-R3 ch?), K-R1, (7) Q-R3 ch!, B-R2, (8) Q-B3 ch, K-Kt1, (9) Q-B8!, K-B2, (10) B-B5! etc.

Many failed to see every subtlety of **B** and/or **C**. Prizes shared by A. E. Barclay-Smith, D. E. Cohen, G. S. Fisher, A. E. Harris.

No. 337. Set April 28

A: (1) Q x P ch, K x Q, (2) Kt x B ch, P x Kt, (3) R-R4 mate.

B: (1) Q-K7 ch, K x Q, (2) P-B6 ch, etc.
if (1) . . . K-Kt2 (Kt1), (2) Q-Kt 5 ch, etc.

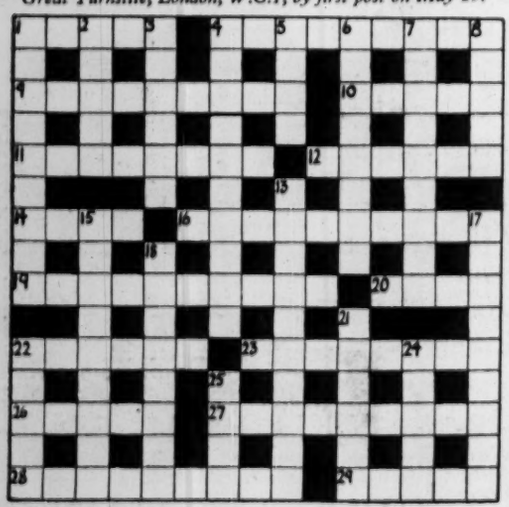
C: (1) P-R6, P x P, (2) P-Kt3 ch, K-R4!, (3) P-Kt7, R-QKt7, (4) P—Q!, R x P ch, (5) Q-KKt3!, etc.
if (4) P—R, Black forces a draw by R-KR7 ch.

Surprisingly many competitors neglected my warning that **C** is rather more tricky than it looks. Even so a score of correct solutions. Prizes (increased by a recent unawarded consolation prize) are shared by W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, S. N. Collings, M. C. Harman (Junior), C. J. Morse, M. Teff, N. G. Wilson. Several correspondents voiced their approval of "pocket knights" and "two-step-chess," but an anonymous poet begs to differ. "Sir, with respect," (he writes), "it is not chess. The two-step game, the sui-mate from the true line, I say, digress. Sir, with respect, it is not chess with pocket-knights and such to mess. Beware the deviationist's fate, Sir. With respect, it is *not* chess, the two-step game, the sui-mate!"—I wonder if the majority opinion is for or against "unorthodox" chess?

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 199

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 199, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 29.



ACROSS

1. Uneasiness in equal measure (5).
4. Prohibition to excess in India (9).
9. Half-back about to administer a beating put in the enclosure (9).
10. Piece of literature on a cinema (5).
11. Final value ten perhaps? (8).
12. "With that recognizance and —— of love" (*Othello*) (6).
14. See 15 (4).
16. Rouse opposition haphazardly against one (10).
19. Cutters may split up and make ideal pairs (10).
20. 24 without love (4).
22. Strike gold in a Welsh town (6).
23. The camp dance is a trans-atlantic game (8).
26. Oriental with a wagon (5).
27. Feminine garment (9).
28. Nonconformist town to visit (9).
29. It is an effort to move, even for what is almost paradise (5).

DOWN

1. A lot of arrows for Harding's rival (9).
2. Fruit which is made very soft in a drink (5).
3. Riding animals for the uplands (6).
4. Varied brand names for gaucherie (3, 7).
5. Knotty point among piano dealers (4).
6. A sailor's favourite bird on a destroyer (8).
7. Make the donor give, going to excess (9).
8. Name taken from one's other niece (5).
13. The masculine element is criminal (10).
15. 12 in birds = 14 (9).
17. English girl one may have on one's shoulder (9).
18. Recommend a lawyer (9).
21. Babbitt's town (6).
22. Torch for an ardent priest (5).
24. Market-place in the past originally (5).
25. Smart wear revealed a vulgar habit (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 197

B	R	U	T	I	S	H		G	O	N	E	R	I	L
U		N		D		O		A		O		E		U
T	R	I	P	L	A	N	E	S		V	I	A	L	S
T		T		E		E		P		E		D		T
O	V	E	R	D	O	S	E	S		M	A	J	O	R
N				T				B		U		E		
S	A	H	I	B		O	P	P	R	E	S	S	E	S
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PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 197

Mrs. K. Tavener (Edinburgh, 9), D. B. Binns (Newcastle, Staffs.), M. F. Heneghan (Glasgow).

Company Meetings

THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY

SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESS IN ALL ASPECTS OF GROUP'S OPERATIONS

The forty-seventh annual general meeting of The British Petroleum Company, Limited, will be held on June 7 at Britannic House, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman, Mr. R. B. Jackson:

During 1955 substantial progress was made in all aspects of the BP group's operations. Our total sales increased by 15 per cent, crude oil production by 25 per cent, and refining throughput by 23 per cent, while exploration and marketing operations were further diversified and extended. The Company thus played a full part in meeting the free world's expanding demand for petroleum, which increased by 11 per cent in 1955, continuing the post-war trend which has resulted in a doubling of world consumption of oil products in the last ten years.

The roots of this strong demand lie not only in the growth of industrial activity and improving standards of living; they also, in the Eastern Hemisphere, lie in the more limited capacity for increasing output of the other major sources of energy, especially coal. There is every indication that this combination of factors will maintain the post-war rate of expansion in world petroleum consumption until nuclear power becomes available to supplement world energy resources on a substantial scale. Thus in the next ten years the world petroleum industry may well be again called upon to double its present output. The rate of expansion can be expected to continue, as now, to be greater in the Eastern Hemisphere, where this Company mainly operates; and the Middle East oil-producing territories, in which we have so substantial a position, are expected to contribute an increasingly large proportion of the world's requirements.

The discovery, production, refining, transportation and distribution to the consumer of the oil supplies needed to meet such a future demand can only be achieved by large-scale capital expenditure on the facilities necessary for each of these operations.

The oil industry generally, and the BP group as one of its major components, will have to provide for the greater part of this expenditure from its own resources. If the industry is to maintain its record of meeting all consumers' needs, the performance of the task which lies ahead of it will require both adequate economic price-levels and the continued ploughing back of a high proportion of earnings to finance future growth.

Production and Refining

Our total crude oil production in 1955 was 46,000,000 tons, over 9,000,000 tons more than in 1954, the increase being mainly due to larger production in Iran and Kuwait.

Our total refinery throughput in 1955 was 29,500,000 tons, 5,500,000 tons more than in 1954. This increase was mainly due to 1955 being the first complete operating year of Aden refinery, and the first operating year of Kwinana refinery in Western Australia, commissioned in February, 1955; also to our share of processing at Abadan during its first complete year's operation under the Consortium agreement of October, 1954.

In Great Britain, the total throughput of our Kent, Llandarcy and Grangemouth refineries decreased by some 2,000,000 tons to 8,500,000 tons; this being due to the major increases in offtake from Aden, Kwinana and Abadan replacing the uneconomically routed products which had, during the last four years, to be drawn from the United Kingdom refineries to assist in the supply of our Eastern markets.

Distribution and Sales

The BP group's sales of crude oil and refined products in 1955 attained the record level of 48 million tons, an increase of more than 6 million tons or 15 per cent over the 1954 total. To this increase crude oil sales contributed some 2¼ million tons, and refined products sales nearly 4 million tons.

In the United Kingdom, total demand for petroleum products expanded by nearly 10 per cent in 1955. In the case of fuel oil the increase was over 20 per cent, a plain indication of its rapidly expanding contribution to the energy needs of this country.

We have continued to strengthen and expand our direct marketing outlets; the capital expenditure involved is well justified by the increased assurance which it gives us of continuity of offtake.

The international coverage of BP Aviation Service and our sales of aviation fuels are steadily expanding.

The BP International Oil Bunkering Service, now in its thirty-sixth year of operation, is established at more than 160 ports on world shipping trade routes.

Sales of our lubricants have increased very satisfactorily. BP Energol brands have been introduced successfully in the following new areas: Portugal, Spanish Morocco, Tangier, Gibraltar, British and French West Africa, Iceland and Madeira. Our new motor oil, BP Energol Visco-Static, has established itself in a foremost position as a multigrade oil in the United Kingdom, on the Continent and in Australia. Good progress also continues to be made in the international marine oil market.

The work of our Research and Development Department has been further extended during the year, with particular emphasis on ensuring the highest quality of all our products.

CAMP BIRD

POWER CONTROLS FOR INDUSTRY

The fifty-fourth annual general meeting of Camp Bird, Ltd., was held on May 10, in London, Mr. John Dalgleish, the Chairman, presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated review for the year 1955:—

Nineteen fifty-five was an extraordinary year in the life of our Company. It saw record profits—substantially higher than anything previously achieved. What happened in 1955 has been explained in the Directors' Report. That experience leads naturally into what has since happened so far in 1956, and what is now planned to happen during the rest of this year.

I am pleased to report that in our industrial programme we are nearing completion of the basic position. In this respect I want shareholders to understand that your Directors are pursuing a logical and clear line of development.

We feel that the development of every industrial group should, in essence, have a motif. In the case of Camp Bird Industries the motif has logically developed into the provision of power controls for industry.

You will find, on examination of the industries now under our management, that they establish themselves at control and movement points of industry, with particular reference to the growth industries of to-morrow.

At every stage of industry there is the problem of movement and control and the measurement of movement. Camp Bird Industries Group, you will see, have stationed themselves at these strategic points.

It is well to realise that, as industry develops into the nuclear and automated fields, the demands on control mechanisms become more and more exacting. Camp Bird Industries is one of the few industrial groups which stand ready to serve British industry in most of these fields.

Financial Policy

This brings me, however, to the question of finance. I should, perhaps, explain the financial policy being pursued by your Board.

First, our industrial companies have been selected—quite outside their undoubted technical excellence—because they form a coherent group for a phased programme of introduction to the Stock Exchange as quoted companies in future years. This we regard as being the responsibility of Camp Bird in its financial role.

Secondly, we regard it as sound financial practice that Camp Bird should make available to the public some part of its total investment in each Company as they eventually take their place in the stock markets. There is nothing static in our concept of Camp Bird's future activities.

Shareholders will now appreciate how vastly our position has changed since last year and why this review has effectively become an assessment of 1956 rather than of 1955!

It is still the Board's policy, however, to maintain a strong portfolio of gold shares; and therefore we are seeking permission to make a rights' issue to shareholders to finance, in part, the money we have expended or contracted to expend in creating our industrial group; and I would only add here that already it seems we shall enjoy a greater profitability from our industrial acquisitions alone this year than we did from our whole portfolio in 1954.

This, I hope, you will regard as an achievement and as a promising augury for the future of our group, which is, throughout, expanding production, profits and production facilities.

Future Earnings

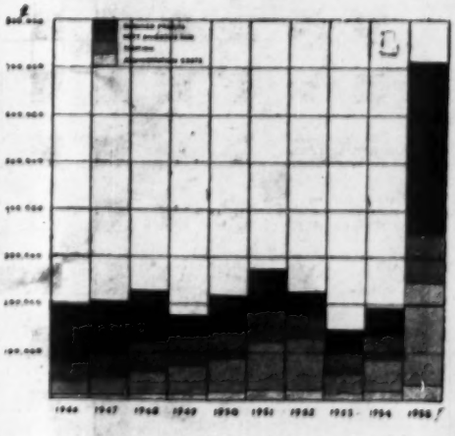
It is usual for the Company Chairman, in his Review, to give a pointer towards current prospects compared with the performance of the previous year.

It is doubly difficult to make an accurate assessment of our income this year. However, the profitability of our industrial group alone will—unless the situation changes radically for the worse—lead to earnings in excess of £300,000 this year. So even allowing for the probability of a larger capital, it is reasonable to expect our new level of dividend at 20 per cent to be upheld this year, and I hope improved in subsequent years.

I think we may reasonably regard Camp Bird as a growth company, with a potential equal to any other company for a lively and prosperous future, with compatible and complementary interests in both the traditional mining and the newer industrial fields.

The report and accounts were adopted.

At the Annual General Meeting the Chairman referred to a forthcoming Rights Issue and stated that the terms of the Issue, if approved by the C.I.C., would be 1,304,331 Shares issued at par (10s. 0d.) on the basis of three new Shares for each five Shares now held.



10 YEARS' RECORD FOR CAMP BIRD

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. requires Assistants in European Talks Department. Work involves writing and commissioning talks, chiefly on current affairs, to be broadcast in translation to European countries and in English in the English Service to Europe. Extensive knowledge of foreign affairs and of Continent of Europe and ability to write fluently and concisely essential. Vacancies: for Senior Assistant, starting salary £1,220 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,600; Assistant, starting salary £1,110 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,440. Requests for application forms (indicating post applied for, enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1765, N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. The University of Otago proposes to appoint a Professor of Modern Languages to take up office as soon as convenient. Salary £2,150 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in London and New Zealand on July 31, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. The University of Otago proposes to appoint a Professor of English in place of Professor J. T. Greig, who retires from the Chair at the end of 1956. Salary £2,150 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Appls. close in London and N.Z. on July 31, 1956.

AUSTRALIA. Canberra University College. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of Philosophy. The salary for a Professor is £A3,000 per annum. Further particulars, conditions of appointment, and the summary form which must accompany applications, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close on June 23, 1956.

AUSTRALIA. University of New England. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in English. The Lecturer appointed will be required to work both with internal and external (correspondence) students but his principal duties will be with the latter. He will be encouraged to engage in research. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,200-£A1,750 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A80. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is June 25, 1956.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Education in the Department of External Studies. Applicants should possess a good primary degree, and a post-graduate degree in education would be an advantage. Salary £A1,300 to £A1,750 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics., in Australia and London, is June 7, 1956.

UNIVERSITY College of the Gold Coast. Applications are invited for (a) Senior Lectureship or (b) Lectureship in Sociology with responsibility for courses in Social Anthropology. Salary Scales (a) £1,700×£70—£2,000, (b) £950×£50—£1,600 p.a., entry point according to qualifications and experience. Child allowance £100 p.a. per child (max. £500 p.a.). Outfit allowance £60. F.S.S.U. Free passages for appointee, wife and maximum of 5 children, on appointment, normal termination and leave. Part-furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.5% of salary. Detailed applications (8 copies) naming 3 referees by June 15, 1956, to Secretary, Inter-Universities Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for a temporary post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in economics (salary according to qualifications and experience £650-£1,350 a year for a Lecturer; £550-£650 for an Assistant Lecturer). The appointment will be for three years only, during absence of a member of staff on leave. The duties of the post will consist mainly of tutorial teaching of students in small groups in economic theory and organisation and there may be opportunities for lecturing on branches of economics in which the successful candidate is particularly interested. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than June 11, 1956.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MAKERERE College. The University College of East Africa. Applications are invited for (1) Lectureship or (2) Assistant Lectureship in Political Science. Salary Scales (1) £960×36—1,032×42—1,158×48—1,350×54—1,404 p.a. (2) £816×36—924 p.a. Entry point according to qualifications and experience. Cost of living allowance 10% salary. Allowance £50 p.a. per child (max. £150 p.a.). Passages for appointee and family (up to 4 adult passages) on appointment, termination and leave (3 months every 21 months). F.S.S.U. Rent according to quarters provided, £45 to 84 p.a. (including basic furniture). Applications (6 copies), detailing qualifications and experience, and naming three refs. by June 12, 1956, to Sec., Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Sq., London, W.C.1, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

MAKERERE College, The University College of East Africa. Warden of Northcote Hall. Applications are invited for Wardenship from graduates able to make part-time contribution to a teaching department. Salary on scale £960-£1,512 p.a. Cost of living allowance 10% of salary. Child allowance £50 p.a. per child (max. £150 p.a.). Free passages for member of staff and family (up to four adult passages) on appointment, termination, and leave (three months every 21 months). F.S.S.U. Free accommodation, part-furnished. Applications (6 copies) detailing qualifications and experience and naming 3 referees by June 1, 1956, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Modern History. Salary scale £550-£650 per annum, with F.S.S.U. and family allowance. In exceptional circumstances an appointment might be made in Grade II at a salary of not more than £900 per annum. The initial placing will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Qualifications in 16th or 17th century history are required and a special interest in European history will be an advantage. The successful candidate will be required to take up his duties on October 1, 1956. Applications (3 copies), together with the names of 3 referees, should be sent not later than May 31, 1956, to the Registrar, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, from whom further particulars may be obtained. G. L. Barnes, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 15.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Phonetics. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Department of Phonetics. Salary Scale £550×£50 to £650 per annum, with superannuation benefit and family allowance where applicable. The successful candidate will be required to take up duty on October 1, 1956. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications together with the names of two referees, should be lodged not later than June 4, 1956. John MacPherson, Assistant Secretary to the University.

MINISTRY of Labour and National Service require two Psychologists (Vocational Officers) for unestablished posts in Industrial Rehabilitation Units at Leeds and Denton (Manchester). Age at least 21. Candidates must possess Hons. Degree in Psychology or equivalent qualification. London inclusive remuneration (Men): £534 13s. (at 21)—£924 16s. (at 30, and on entry if over 30), rising to £1,194 15s. Women's scale slightly less after age 25. Slightly lower rates outside London. Application forms from M.L.N.S., Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, S.W.1. Ref.: G 42/6A. Closing date June 9, 1956.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons, preferably British West Indians, for the following posts in the British Caribbean Welfare Organisation. The posts do not at present carry pension or superannuation rights. Public Relations Officer; Industrial Relations Officer; Welfare Officer. Salary for each of the above posts will be in the scale £900×£30—£960×£35—£1,065, according to age, qualifications and experience. Application forms, together with full particulars of the above posts, will be sent upon application in writing to the British Caribbean Welfare Liaison Officer, Room 429, 2, Sanctuary Buildings, London, S.W.1. Appls. should be submitted before May 31, 1956.

LONDON County Council—Administrative vacancies in Major Establishment. An examination will be held in London on July 16 and 17, 1956, open to candidates born on or between November 2, 1930, and November 1, 1935, who are University graduates or undergraduates in last year of degree course. Age allowance for regular service in H.M. Forces. Commencing salaries according to age between £423 at 21 and £599 at 26. Scale rises to £775. Good conditions, generous leave scales, prospects of promotion. Apply to Director of Establishments (A.2), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, for detailed leaflet and application form M.E.1. Closing date June 11. (412.)

ADDITIONAL workers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive family casework service for "problem families." Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £250-£25-£500 plus full board and residence. Children's allowances. Special training provided. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Appointment of Senior Children's Visitor. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for a post as a Senior Children's Visitor. Applicants should hold a Social Studies Degree or Certificate and/or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, and should have had Casework experience. Consideration will be given to experienced workers who are completing the Child Care Course at the end of the present academic year. The salary is in accordance with Grade A.P.T.III, £640-£765, and the successful candidate will be expected to accept special responsibilities. Further particulars and conditions of service can be obtained from the Children's Officer, 102 Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. P.O. Box 93. Closing date for applications—May 31, 1956.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officers. Applications are invited from men for appointment as Visiting Officers in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out and supervision of older boys, and attendance at juvenile courts. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience, but will not exceed a maximum of £675 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than May 28th, 1956. Canvassing forbidden.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1956; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1956. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1956 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £838-£1,008 (men); £742-£914 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer. £342 (at age 18) to £736 (men), £664 (women). Starting pay up to £611 (men) or £567 (women) at 26 or over. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Further particulars, for which you are advised to make early application, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/56.

CITY of Leicester Education Committee. School Psychological Service. It is proposed to appoint a Psychologist Trainee to the above Service which comprises a complete School Psychological Service touching every branch of the work. It functions in close association with a fully staffed Child Guidance Unit. Facilities include a day school for maladjusted children and a residential hostel for maladjusted children. The training course will last from 3-5 terms, the length depending on candidate's previous experience. Comprehensive theoretical and practical training will be given introducing Trainee to the main testing procedures, and to methods of therapy, educational guidance and research. Applicants should hold a degree in Psychology, should have appropriate previous experience (e.g., teaching) and be desirous of taking up professionally psychological work with children. A maintenance allowance at the rate of £500 per annum will be paid. Applications, in writing, should be made to the undersigned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement and should include the names of three persons to whom reference could be made. Elfed Thomas, Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester.

INVALID Children's Aid Association wish to appoint an experienced Social Worker holding a University Degree or Social Science Certificate to explore the need for case work for invalid and physically handicapped children living in the County of Essex, with a view to establishing a Branch of the I.C.A.A. in the County based on Chelmsford. Driving licence an advantage. Commencing salary £550 per annum. Application Forms may be obtained from the General Secretary, I.C.A.A., 4 Palace Gate, London, W.8, up to May 31, 1956.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ST. Margaret's Hospital, Great Barr Park, Birmingham 22a. (Mental Deficiency Hospital—1,491 beds.) Appointment of Social Worker. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above appointment. Preference will be given to candidates possessing qualifications laid down by Whitley Council. Salary Scale £495×£15—£510×£20—£550×£25—£750 per annum if qualified. Applications, stating age, exp., qualifications & names of 3 referees, to Medical Superintendent immediately.

CANE Hill Hospital Management Committee. Cane Hill Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of Psychiatric Social Worker. The hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 male and female patients and serves a wide area in South London where five out-patient clinics are held. Clerical assistance is provided. Applicants must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate, but students completing the current course are invited to apply. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council "A" for the Health Service. Applications giving names of 2 referees should be sent to Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

EAST Sussex County Council. A Resident Deputy Superintendent (Male) is required at Marle Place, Burgess Hill, a Reception Centre for the observation of 30 children aged 5-16. Training and experience in the residential care of children desirable and Home Office Child Care Certificate an advantage. Annual salary: £415-£480 plus special responsibility payment of £50, less £113 for board residence. Appointment superannuable subject to medical examination. Particulars obtainable (S.A.E.) from Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, and returnable within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

SCIENCE Graduate (male) to teach science and mathematics in the Upper School of a co-educational independent day school, which is rapidly expanding. Teacher (arts graduate preferred) for Junior School (12 year olds). Two Teachers for infants (6 years and 5 years). Teacher for 9 year olds. These appointments commence September, 1956. Outward ocean fare will be paid. Applicants should write airmail to The Principal, St. George's School, 3090 Westmount Blvd., Montreal, Canada.

SURREY Education Committee. Assistant Warden and Assistant Matron required at Starhurst Hostel, Chart Lane, Dorking. Responsible, interesting resident posts for persons with ability to help maladjusted boys of 10-15 years. Applications from married couples considered. Further particulars as to salary scales (at present under review) and form of applic., and other conditions, obtainable on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

READING Education Committee. Children's Hostel, 2 St. Peter's Hill, Caversham. Resident Woman Assistant required to commence duty in September. The hostel accommodates twelve children (girls and boys) who attend local schools. It is administered in co-operation with the Child Guidance Clinic. Applicants should be interested in the various implications of residential care and in fitting children for normal home life. Salary scale: £340×£15—£385 per annum, less £113 per annum for board, lodging, etc. An additional payment may be made for approved qualifications. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from Dr. Ella Ward, Berkshire Child Guidance Clinic, 27 Kidmore Road, Caversham, Reading. Completed application forms must be returned to Dr. Ward not later than June 9, 1956. (Signed) P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Educ. Office, Blagrave St., Reading.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist (whole-time) required by London County Council for the provision of diversional therapy for patients suffering from tuberculosis who are "home-bound" in North London. Experience in hospital or domiciliary work desirable. Whitley Council senior occupational therapist salary. Application forms (returnable by June 11) and particulars from Divisional Medical Officer, 53 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

TUTOR Organiser, full- or part-time, to assist with Refresher and Training Courses for old people's welfare workers. Mainly in London. Salary at rate of £500 per annum. Apply to the National Old People's Welfare Council (from whom further particulars may be obtained), 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, stating experience and qualifications, by May 25.

TUTORS wanted, between 25 and 40, to take English classes in Summer Course for Continental students, held on Suffolk Coast from July 20 until September 1. One vacancy from early June. Applicants should be men of the highest integrity with first-rate references and a genuine interest in teaching. Degree in English or Modern Languages, appropriate teaching experience, and good discipline essential. Presence, personality and organising ability distinct assets. Very pleasant summer post in ideal country surroundings. High standard of living and comfortable background. Salary according to experience. Write, with full details and copies of testimonials, to Box 4661.

ENTHUSIASTIC experienced Maths teacher wanted in Recognised Co-educational school (Burnham Scale, Superannuation). Other subjects welcome. Scope for initiative and new methods. Box 4401.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Child Care Officer, salary £530 to £610. Application forms with full details from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by May 28, 1956.

PERSONNEL Officer (female) required for large factory in East London. Duties include recruitment of labour, wages, joint consultation, welfare, etc. Experience essential. Apply Box 35, Southcombe's, 66 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

GENERAL Manager required by expanding National Charity. Must be good organiser, able to handle staff, experienced public speaker, and be accustomed to working with Committees. Tact and ability to state a case essential. Previous intimate knowledge of work with handicapped children and adults desirable. Further particulars, including conditions of appointment, from Box 4648.

HERTFORD Group Hospital Management Committee. Haymeads Hospital, Bishop's Stortford, Herts. Chartered Physiotherapists (female) required to commence as soon as possible. Basic salary £462 10s. × £15 to £537 10s. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Council Recommendations. Applications, together with details of experience, to Hospital Secretary, Haymeads Hospital.

EXPERIENCED, enthusiastic Junior Teacher (pref. Froebel) wanted September in co-educational London school. Scope for initiative under pleas. working conditions. Burnham Scale, Superann. Box 4442.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of part-time Club Leader for Jewish Girls' Club. The appointment offers scope for the energetic development of initiative with full support to expand. Salary £300 per annum. Apply in writing to Organising Secretary, Cambridge & Hackney Associated Clubs, 4 Martello Street, E.8.

SHEFFIELD. Residential Appointment open September for post of Woman Club Leader at Croft House and Helen Wilson Settlements to work with the Wardens. Application form from Mr. Wm. D. Mather, 21 York St., Sheffield, 1.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £28 6s. 8d. a month, less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £240-£265 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Why not write now to the Matron, The Southern Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full particulars of vacancies.

INTELLIGENT Woman with patience, tolerance and adaptability required for work with psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10, in Home 20 miles from Central London. Some previous experience with children, and a keen interest in their welfare, essential. Applications to and further particulars from Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts.

VACANCY September, on staff of Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset (Co-educational), to supervise children's meals, clothes and bedrms. Knowl. First Aid an advantage. Appl. by letter to Principal.

MAN with some experience of Rhodesias and Union of South Africa required for interviewing and administration, including occasional week-end travelling in United Kingdom. Initial salary £600 p.a. Box 4620.

AGENTS to sell (a) Advertising Novelties, (b) Beltmakers' Accs., (c) Drawing instruments. Convex, 41 Bracknock Rd., N.7.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Personal Secretary required for Warden of Parnham, Beaminster, Dorset, Home for Elderly Ladies suffering a mild degree of mental deterioration. Candidates must have some administrative experience, be able to accept responsibility, type, and drive a car. Must be physically fit, cheerful and adaptable. Excellent quarters in beautiful, modernised country house. Salary according to experience plus residential emoluments. Apply giving names of two referees to: The General Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, W.1.

GERMAN-English Secretary to Director of London office of large German concern required. This vacancy calls for an efficient, reliable and experienced lady with shorthand in both languages. Interesting position with good salary in pleasant surroundings offered. Write Box 5224, Frost-Smith Advs., 64 Finsbury Pavement, E.C.2.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand-typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LEADER wanted for Adventure Playground London. Interested in children, handy with tools, respons., & enterprising. Sal. £500-£650 p.a. according to exp. Apply in writing: 38 Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

AN ESTABLISHED artist/architect, working for the most part designing stage decor, film sets and dramatised perspectives for advertising and industry, is seeking an assistant—female, not over 35. While full architectural qualifications are not essential, she must at least have had some practical experience of architectural drawing and be able to read a plan and have some understanding of setting up perspectives. The work is widely varied, often exciting, usually fun and sometimes dull. Write Box 4547.

AN INTERESTING opening occurs as secretary to the Executive Director of the British Committee for Technical Development in Israel. Applicants should be of superior education, good appearance, have a pleasant speaking voice and be competent shorthand-typists. Please apply Personnel Manager, 83 Wimpole St., W.1. HUN. 0356.

FINE Art Booksellers, Bloomsbury District, require educated lady for secretarial and clerical work. Languages an advantage. Excellent prospects. State age, exper., salary reqd. Handwritten applicns. to Box 4670.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind requires well-educated lady with good shorthand and typing speeds to act as assistant to Committee Secretary. Age 25-35. Progressive salary. Luncheon vouchers. Pension Scheme. Write or 'phone Staff Secretary, 224 Gt. Portland St., W.1. EUS. 5251.

SECRETARY. Intelligent, interested, good shorthand-typist. Starting salary £350-£400 p.a. according to experience. Five-day week, 9.30-5. Apply: Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

PROGRESSIVE position with excellent prospects for Clerk-Shorthand Typist. Commencing Salary £9 10s. Varied duties. Some figure work & business experience an advantage. All-round training & promotion for intelligent applicant. Details: Box 4599.

SECRETARY for laboratory. Must be keen, intelligent shorthand-typist. Starting sal. £400-£450 p.a. according to exp. 5-day week, 9.30-5. Apply: Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane St., London, S.W.1.

SECRETARY/Bookkeeper for responsible post, small office S.W.8. £600. Postman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WEL. 4559.

WANTED from end July, mornings only, secretary to Editor, West End. Box 4656.

CLERK/Typist, good at figures, for Trade Union Benefit Scheme. Box 4637.

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ASSISTANT cook wanted immediately, country hotel, New Forest, nr. sea. All found, own room. Imaginative and interested in first-class catering. Young applicant would be trained if possessing right qualities. Write details and salary required to East Close Hotel, Hinton St. Michael, Christchurch.

NURSE, residential, permanent or temporary, wanted for London Jewish Old Age Home. Knowledge of German desirable. Please state exp. and qualifications. Box 4706.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ADVERTISER anticipates being free for engagement July, '56. Age 40, good engineering background (machining and foundry). Sales, Technical Buying, Correspondence, Accs., Costing, Wages. Efficient, energetic, alive. Tactful. Desires change, willing travel. Interview week-end pref. Box 3421.

YOUNG student (m.), hard worker, seeks empl. July 27-Sept. 10 or part. Anything from lecturing to labouring. Box 4308.

COMPOSER, distance cyclist, poet, also graduate. I am 26, seek work where imagination, personality count. Box 4498.

2 ART students (f.) willing undertake arduous, adventurous tasks. July-Aug. Travel anywhere. Keep/nom. wage. Box 4534.

CAMBRIDGE graduate, fluent French, requires remunerative post for summer months. Anything considered. Box 4581.

B.SC.(Econ.), 28, fluent Fr. & Ger., some Span., & Portug., flair writing, exp. trav. agency wk. shs. emplmnt. London. Box 4604.

WOM. (53) shs. helpful job. Hard worker. Moderate typ'st. Univ. ed. Box 4657.

LADY seeks occupation assisting author/journalist in research work. Box 4645.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

YOUNG lady, gd. appearance, years of office exp., fluent German sh./hand/typg., high speeds, interested in fashions, travel, conscientious, with initiative, shs. prospective post. Wkg. hrs. immaterial. Box 4568.

OFFICE-allergic, attractive, educated girl needs tolerable employment with adequate financial reward. Box 4576.

ENERGETIC yng. woman, 28, born into bookselling, thoroughly trained, requires position of responsibility. London. Box 4690.

MALE, 32, sgl., loyal, adaptable, shs. employment with friendly informal people. Active outdr. pref. Anythg cons. Box 4668.

QUALIFIED woman teacher (37), B.A. Hons. degree English, 6 yrs.' exp., seeks teaching post September. Box 4664.

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PERSONAL

GERMAN girl seeks post in English home, London area preferred, to look after children for one yr. Available July. Box 3893.

YOUNG man has s/c flat in Harrow (20 min. Baker St.); offers to share it and interests with another. Box 4398.

VESPA Scooter for sale: dearly beloved 1954 model with accessories, £85. Tel. EASt 1746 evgs. 230 Burdett Road, E.3.

GERMAN girl, 22, wants au pair or part-time job beg. mid-June for 6 months with family, children, in London; sufficient time for studies. Please write to Maria Keyser, Gelnhusen, Alte Leipziger Str. 49.

COTTAGE between Cannes and Grasse to let June, July, low rent in return for care of owner's dog in July. Box 4595.

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MOTORING to Rome in August. Two spare seats at £40. Henry Collen, 411 Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.15.

WANTED: Tutoring for girl of nine during school summer holiday. Kingston-on-Thames district. Nunbury 3457.

YNG. prof. man touring France/Italy mid-summer in comf. car sks, companions (m./f.) Estimated cost £60 each. Box 4386.

GERMAN schoolteacher wishes to exch. Bielefeld, Westphalia, flat for similar in London/suburbs, August. Box 4391.

COUPLE (Glasgow) with car seek couple share holiday and expenses abroad. July or August. Box 4393.

GIRL early 30s wishes work passage South Africa this year. Willing undertake duties as sec., companion or nursemaid. Box 4400.

COMPANION (m.) 21-23 reqd. by motorist (m.) for holiday in France. Interested in ballet if possible. Expense-free in return for limitless patience. Box 4216.

WORK of almost any kind sought by fit yng. schoolmaster for Aug. Box 4322.

BACH. driving S. Italy July 27-end Aug. offers seats single or retn. Box 4727.

RUSSIAN-speaking registered guide avail. conduct tours to Russia. Box 4049.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated & willing, immed. avail. short/long stay. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

BACHELOR, 31, free April-July incl. 1957, fit most things, wd. welcome suggestions anything legal, active, anywhere. Remuneration secondary to interest. Replies initially will take 2 months due distance. Box 4543.

PART-Owner wanted to complete purchase of cabin cruiser. £40 for full share. Go anywhere. Box 4530.

EXPD. sec., highest credentials, prep. take over/start, single-handed, small office/branch, any type business. Box 4324.

YNG. Jewish Englishman wishes contact someone driving N.Y. to Chicago June 10. Share exps. driving. Holder U.S. lic. Green, Aylmers Field, Halebarns, Chesh.

ITALIAN Riviera, fishing village near Portofino. Artist's charming furnished flat to let summer months. Sleep 3, terrace overlooking harbour, 8 gns. weekly. Special terms long let. Box 4575.

IMPECUNIOUS but talented piano teacher urgently reqs. pupils (Cen. Lond.). Interesting methods. Molesey 7011, or Box 4562.

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ITALIAN fourth-year engineering student seeks any job August to perfect English (French, driving licence). Salary no object. Zoccoli, Via Luciani, Rome.

HOLIDAY compans. sought home/abrd., 2/3 wks., by wom. car owner. Ints. painting, archit. (sun)bathing, &c. Box 4443.

AFRICAN boy (7) with parents in London wants to stay in English home near school, for two or more years. Box 4439.

GARAGE accommodation available Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7. £1 per week. Ring daytime SLO. 0036, evg. WES. 4693.

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PERSONAL—continued

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AFRICAN (25) wants private tuition for G.C.E., English, Constitution, Economics, History, anywhere in England. Box 4651.

LEARNING French or Italian? Week-end course, June 8, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.; also "Roman Britain."

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YNG. lady (sec.) desires holiday post Aug. 18-30. Suggestions welc. Box 4417.

SNOWDONIA, near sea, new 4-berth caravan to let, secluded site, all services, not August. Box 4337.

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YOUNG lady (twenties) seeks companion (f.) for holiday in Britain. Box 4631.

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RELAX in the sun with the Club Mediterranee of Paris at Baratti. Caprera, Capri, Elba and Palinuro. Underwater exploring, water ski-ing, dancing every evening—free. Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street (entrance Wrights Lane), London, W.8. Tel. WEStern 1517.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

FRENCH families welcome English girls into their homes in exch. children's care & light housewk. Service International d'Echanges, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

FOR Sale: Full & min. scores, records, also string sheet music. MAI. 2203.

PERSONAL—continued

PROF. family require temp. student help. End May. Approx. 6 weeks. Pocket money, free w'ends. KIN. 2947. Box 4644.

ITALIAN Riviera. Priv. villa close sea & French frontier. P.g.'s accepted. Sgl. L.2500, dbl. L.4500 per day. Box 4658.

HOLIDAYS in Britain. If you feel like a good holiday at little expense you will find our arrangements in Britain just the thing! Channel Islands holiday (June 16), International London Week (July 21), house parties and family holidays by the sea in Sussex, Cornwall and Wales (end July/beg. Sept.), gay weekend parties by the river or on the sea, Edinburgh Festival party (Sept. 1). Full details from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

GYPSY van for sale. Roadworthy. Harness opt. Can remain on pres. woodland site, New Forest, if des. Price reas. Box 4425.

TO those of you who appreciate good clothes, we offer a Savile Row cut suit. Individually fitted & tailored by hand, in pure worsted materials, from as low as 21gns. Roberts, 10 Lower John St., W.1. GER. 4085.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—the ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn.-5gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sx. Wivelsfield Green 232-233.

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HOLIDAY Friendship Service, Programme. Send stamp. 48 Dalston Lane, E.8.

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RICHARD Conwell (B.B.C., Countryman, etc.) can now take few pupils short story course. Personal tuition, modern methods, moderate fees. Send MS. for free criticism & prosp. West St., Kilkhampton, N. Cornwall.

TOO occupied with our own wedding anniversary last week, Anthony Panting sends belated greetings to the weekly which has carried his advertisements for photography for so many years.

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MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

P.S. Tearless French! Painless German! Sweatless Spanish! may be acquired at Summer Schools in Lausanne, Vienna and Barcelona which are, indeed, almost (but not quite) costless. Apply to Harold Ingham, Ltd., 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, Middx.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7, Leinster Sq., W.2. BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rms., bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

LADY wants another to share, living separately, mewn flat S.W.1, own furn. bedrm. & sit.-rm. with phone. 3½gns. plus half bills for light, heat & char. Box 4760.

HIGHGATE Wds. Lge. attract. 1-room flatlet, beaut. equip. & furn. C.h.w., use frig. 47s. 6d. w'kly. MOU. 5196 after 6.

LARGE, newly dec. service room, h. & c., priv. telephone, W.1. £3 19s. 6d. p.w. Tel. Wel. 3921, 9.30-5.30 week-days.

GENTLEMEN, do you want a good home where you are well cared for? Comf. B/S w. bkfst. Best bus/Tube con. HAM. 1053.

FOURTH (f.) for sharing pleasant s/c flat. Very reasonable. Box 4697.

BEAUTIFULLY appointed modern sunny B/S, o'lkg. gdn. Lovely base. Bkfsts. opt. Excel. transport. 2½gns. Mergel, 8 The Highlands, Edgware. EDG. 3978.

SUNNY B/S, gas fire, bkfast. cooker, Ascot, own meter, N. Lond. TUD. 0384.

FURN. flatlet, reduced rent, offered lady return 8-10 hrs. help per week. Hampstead Gdn. Suburb. Box 4693.

B/S., kitchenette, 1 or 2 persons, service, use bath, 'phone. BAL. 8492.

PLEASANT flatlet to let o'lkg. gdn. Gas stove, geyser. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

FURNISHED flatlet. Large room and kitchenette in quiet house. Self-contained, convenient transport connections. Suitable single business person (male). Refs. 'Phone ARChway 4913 evenings & weekend.

NICE bed-sit. room, rent-free for baby-sitting. N.W. London. Box 4705.

LARGE newly-dec. dbl. b/s & sep. kit. Suit colonials on leave, 20 mins. Piccadilly Circus. Gd. bus & tube routes. Box 4703.

ONE-room flatlet nr. Baker St. (no separate kitchen). £3 p.w. HAM. 8109.

FURN. mod. flat, Maida Vale, 3 rms., sleep 2, c.h.w., tel., frig. June-Sept. 7gns. Box 4666.

TO let (pref. to woman tenant) 1 or 2 rms. & bathrm., ckg. facs., furn./semi-furn. top flr., W.8 house. Low rent. Box 4580.

N.W.11. B/S rm. for lady. £2 p.w. incl. heating, baths., linen. MEA. 3613.

LARGE bed-sit., flatlet, avail. Dulwich. Contemp. furn. Beautiful view. S/c. cooking facilities. FOR. 1374.

TO let: furn. sgle. B/S. close Battersea Park. Ckg. facs. MAC. 2931.

SMALL bed./sit., own basin, h.c.w., use kit., bath, linen. £2. CUN. 7136.

COMFORTABLE room, low rental for baby-sitter. WEMbley 4607.

ENQUIRIES invited for accommodation for groups visiting London mid-July to late Sept. Single bedrms., common rms., gdns., quiet dist. Vacation Lettings Sec., King's College Hall, Champion Hill, S.E.5.

TO let: large sunny furnished outside room. Old walled garden, glorious Sussex. View quiet country. 1 hr. London. Electricity, main water. Refs. given & expected. Box 4500.

WEST Runton, Nfk. 4-berth caravan, 2-berth hut. Priv. woodland site nr. sea. Young, 20 Hautbois Rd., Coltishall, Norwich.

CARAVAN by the sea, Pagham Lagoon, Bognor. 4-berth, fully equipped, space and water heater. 4-8½gns. May 27-Sept. 28. Goode, 74 Westgate, Chichester.

NORFOLK Coast, delightfully sit., well-equipped rural country cottage, priv. sandy beach; sleeps 8; vacant all dates except July 28 to Aug. 25. 26 Thor Road, Norwich.

WHITE Horses Family Cottage on waterfront at Portmeirion, on North Wales Estuary. Superb mountain views. Accommodate 4. Available in May, June, July, end of August and Sept. Larger cottage also avail. on same estate. Write Manager, Hotel Portmeirion, Penrhyndeudraeth, Merioneth.

CARAVAN, Fairholm Leprechaun, well equipped on farm near Dartmoor, 6 miles W. Exeter. Suit married cple. Christow 277.

CORNISH village. Furn. flat, mod. cons. Beautiful view Fowey Harbour. Vacancies in June, July; from Sept. 15. Box 4570.

CORNWALL. Furn. cottage to let for one week or longer on Downs between Penzance (3½ mls.) and St. Ives (4½ mls.), sleep 4. Not Aug. Apply for details to Wright, 102a, Westbourne Grove, London, W.2.

EXCH. Aug. 3 bdrm. hse, Hampstead sim. seaside Devon/C'wll./Wales. Box 4376.

HAMPSTEAD: Would exchange 3 rm. s.c. flat, garden, adjoining Heath, for similar London flat, no garden. Box 4624.

EXCHANGE family house rural Surrey (London 23 miles), garage, tennis court, for house/flat seaside for August. Box 4466.

ARTIST requires unfurnished workroom in Holland Park or Ladbroke Grove area. Good daylight essential. For daytime use only. Ring PAR. 7629 evenings.

FREELANCE journalist, 25, seeks central living/business accom. from July 9. 'Phone essential. Box 4667.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

UNIV. lecturer from Commonwealth, grad. wife, 2 chldn. (4, 1½), req. furn. flat, 2 or more rooms, k., b. Easy reach S. Kensington. From June for 18 mths. Meidner, 1 Victoria Gdns., W.11.

YOUNG prof. man reqs. lge. modern B/S. rm. or service-flatlet with bkfst. & ckg. facs. Cen. London, from June 11. Box 4688.

PSYCHOLOGIST (genuine, hence underpaid) seeks furn. flatlet, pref. S.W. and s.c., where free to work/play. Box 4499.

FAMILY with 3 children require flat in London, August-November. Box 4725.

YORK. Painter and family need accommodation. Arnup, Art School, York.

PREF. nr. Wye Valley or Stroud region, furn. cottage or sole lodgings wanted for fortnight in Aug. by 2 ladies. Box 4535.

WANTED, Aug. to mid-Sept., small furnished country residence with garden, 3 bedrooms, preferably not more than 1½ hours motoring London. Box 4538.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

MEWS cottage, Kensington, W.8, s/c flat over garage. Bed/sit., kit., bthr., c.h.w. All electric. Sgl. tenant preferred. Phone. 4½ gns. p.w. Box 4672.

WILTS.—1 mile Melksham, 5 miles Chippenham. To Let on Lease, unfurnished, original stone-built Tudor residence containing 4 reception and 5 bedrooms. Good domestic offices, main light, gas and water. Extensive outbuildings. Rent £220 p.a. A. W. Turner, 15 St. Mary St., Chippenham, Wilts.

FURNISHED country cottage, mid-Devon. Main services. Box 4383.

BLOOMSBURY. Furnished flat (two-year lease, renewable) offered in exchange for similar, unfurnished. Box 4394.

GRAD. cple., teachers, marrying shortly, req. semi/unfurn. flat London, N.W. or N. PAD.4864 after 6 p.m.

N.W. or W.9.—Wanted: unfurn. ground-flr. garden flat, 3 rooms, k. and b. £350 F. & F. £200 p.a. inclusive. HOL. 4171.

MOD. flat required, London area. Rent, £. & £., etc., to Box 4689.

PROFESSIONAL Portrait Painter and wife seek furn. flat or small house, sleep 3, Hampstead, Regent's Park pref. Box 4497.

WANTED to rent by Insurance official and family semi-/unfurn. bungalow or house within 20 miles of London. Box 4641.

COTTAGE wanted, approx. 30 miles London. Not Essex. About £500. Box 4608.

DOCTOR urgently reqs. unfurn. flat Portland Place to Notting Hill Gate area. Approx. 3 rooms, etc. Box 4635.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

FREEHOLD house facing open Heath, Hampstd. 12 rms., gd. order throughout, £4,500. Completn. essen. end June. Box 4643.

COTTAGE-residence, superb position, Penrhyndeudraeth, near Portmadoc, with 11 acres 3 bed., magnificent lounge, etc., all mod. conv. £2,750 frhld., incld. fitted carpets and curtains. Substantial mortgage available. Mill House, Harlow, Essex.

ESSEX-Suffolk border. Attractive, small detached house, re-roofed and redecorated, in unspoilt country. Water, electricity, drainage. On bus and coach route to London. Station ¼ mile. Large sitting-room, kitchen/dining-room, scullery, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, w.c. £1,400. Morton, Pentlow, Sudbury, Suffolk. Tel. Clare 334.

FILLING-station, café & guest-house in picturesque village & beauty spot. Attrac. gdn. with trout stream. Easily run business. £4,250. Carlyon Hse., St. Neot, C'wall.

POTTERY studio, fully equppd., E. Sx. coast, for sale f'hld. £900. Box 4449.

BEAUT. building site, walled gdn., £1,450. 18 Cent. brick coach hse. for conversion, gdn. £2,450. Amersham Old Tn. Box 4588.

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NEW Forest. Whitsun, a weekend or holiday—delightful grounds 3 miles sea—walking, riding, golf, fishing. Good food, wine, warmth, comfort. East Close Hotel, Hinton St. Michael, Christchurch.

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WILD Wales. O'lkg. sea & mountains; vegt catering, 5½gns. Trevor & Mary Jepson, Brackenhurst, Fairbourne, Merioneth.

GREYSTOKE Hotel, Canford Cliffs, Bournemouth. Enchanting Mediterranean views, swimpool, cinema, nautical bar.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers ideal accom. for the country-lover. Good food, comfort, delightful surroundings.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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PAINTING holiday in unique circumstances, 9gns. weekly. Gd. food, gd. cellar. The Gallery in the Hills, Longformacus, Berwicks.

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ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, centrally heated rooms, tasteful atmosphere. 8 & 9gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

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MAJORCA. Six paying guests taken in beautifully situated country house overlkg. sea in mountain village, off tourist tracks. Delightful walking & bathing, gd. cooking and serv., priv. bathrms. Engl. spoken. £1 a day incl. Write Daskal, Estellencha, Mallorca.

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ITALIAN Riviera Pensione La Barberina, Viale Mazzini, Forte dei Marmi. Comf., gd. cuisine, shady gdn., dining terr., beautiful sands. English-Italian management. May-Sept. incl. From approx. 30s. a day.

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ALEXANDER'S Restaurant at 138a King's Road, Chelsea, the corner of Markham Square, is open for dinner until one a.m. There is a large list of French and Italian dishes but you must bring your own wine.

"If you are really particular how you eat, spend 5s. on 'The Good Food Guide,' published by Cassell."—Picture Post. Members of the Good Food Club recommend about 700 restaurants and hotels in Great Britain where you can rely on good food at a reasonable price. "Doing an excellent job."—New Statesman. Current edition 1955/56 from all booksellers, 5s.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUSeum 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford. Mar. 5973. Marlowe's Edward II. Tu.-Fr. 7.45. St. 5.30, 8.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Widowers' Houses." 2 weeks only. Sats. & Suns. 7.15. Comm. June 1, "Polly." Mems. only. 2s. 6d p.a.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. M.), Sat., Sun. 5 & 8, "Angna Enters." Ntly. Tu.-Sun., 10.30 "Late Interlude." Mems.

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ERNESTINE Costa: Brecht, Heine, Strindberg, Songs Weill, Swann. Irving June 5.

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NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., May 19. Laurence Olivier's "Henry V" (U). 1.15, 3.30, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. May 20, 6 days, For Whom the Bell Tolls (A).

CHINESE Films Première: "Two without Scarves" delightful feature film, "Chinese Crackers" (acrobatics) and "China Today" (News Reel). Islington Town Hall, Wed., May 30, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat., May 19, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Mems. 3s. and their guests 5s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall at 8. Wed., May 23: Occasional Overture—Phyllis Tate (1st perf.); Piano Concerto No. 2—Brahms (soloist Friedrich Wührer); London Symphony—Vaughan Williams. Fri., May 25: Lord Byron—Richard Arnell; Piano Concerto—Ravel (soloist Monique Haas); Faust Symphony—Liszt. London Symph. Orch., cond. Bernard Herrmann. 3s. 6d.-15s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

WIGMORE Hall (WEL. 2141). Fri., May 25 at 7.30. Last in series of Mozart Bicentenary Chamber Concerts. Vegh Quartet, Wm. Glock, Douglas Moore, Harry Watson.

LA MUSIQUE Concrète at the Progressive English Group. 8.30 p.m. May 25. Tickets from Secretary, 108c Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. Also Exhibition of Gouaches by Armand, May 25-June 25. Vernissage.

CLASSICAL Guitar Recital. Renata & Graciano Tarragó. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., May 22, 7.30, 9s., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d. Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourn St. & A. Balanzategui, 59 Linden Gdns., W.2.

PETROUCHKA, Roussel, Symph. G Mi. Morley College Orchestra, Chelsea Town Hall, Tuesday, May 22, 7.30.

MONTEVERDI "Vespers," St. James's, Piccadilly. May 30 at 8. London Bach Grp. John Minchinton. Progs. 5s. Chappells.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. New York & other paintings. Fred Uhlman. May 8-June 2.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Christoforou, new paintings, 11 to 6 dly.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Exhibn. of Brazilian Landscape and Garden Designs by Roberto Burle Marx. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat 10-1. Adm. 6d.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Tibetan & Nepalese Art. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Recent Potraits and other Sculptures by Louise Hutchinson. New Paintings by Denis Wirth-Miller.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Renoir—50 paintings from European Collections. In aid of the Renoir Foundation. Closes June 23. Adm. 3s. Students 1s. 6d. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

NICOLAS de Staël 1914-55: a memorial exhibition. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Wk. days 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. XIX- & XX-Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

SLATTER, 30 Old Bond St. Exhbn. Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Italian Realist Painters of "La Colonna." 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture and Paintings by Marino Marini. Until June 16.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Paintings & Drawings by M. Dutta Gupta. Until June 3. Admission free. Mon.-Fri. 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

SOME 20th Century Spanish Paintings. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till June 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. (Open Whi: Mon.)

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Jawlensky (1864-1941) 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes June 2.

POLISH Folk Art. R. W. S. Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, W.1. (10-5 inc. Sats., Thurs. 10-8.) Free. Closing May 24.

FINSBURY Art Group. Spring Exhibition of loaned pictures by Sutherland, Nash, Nicholson, Piper, Hitchens, Weight & others. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St., E.C.1. (Nr. Finsbury Town Hall.) May 22-June2. 10-8 daily. Sats. 10-5. Closed Sunday.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CAPITAL Punishment. Put Abolition on the Statute Book! Great Meeting at the Royal Festival Hall, Thursday next, at 7.30 p.m. (Doors open 7 p.m.) Speakers: Sydney Silverman, M.P., Dr. Andreas Aulie (Attorney-General of Norway), Dr. Paul Cornil (Secretary-General, Ministry of Justice, Belgium), Torsten Eriksson (Chief of Bureau, Ministry of Justice, Stockholm), Gunnar Marnell (Governor, Hall Prison for Psychopaths, Sweden), Frank Byers, Victor Gollancz. The European speakers will describe the results of abolition in their own countries, and will answer questions. Tickets, numbered and reserved, price 1s., from the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, 14 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2 (very few left).

WORLD Congress of Faiths—Service Peoples of All Faiths, King's Weigh House Church, Duke Street, London, W.1, Wednesday, May 23, 1956, at 7.30 p.m. Preacher, Sir Basil Henriques, C.B.E., M.A., J.P., subject Religious Toleration. Participating religious representatives include Ven. Gunaseri Maha Thera (Buddhist), Dr. S. M. Abdullah (Muslim), Rev. Victor Fox (Christian), Rev. Bernard Hooker (Jew), Pandit Rishiram (Hindu), Rev. Edward F. Carpenter (Canon of Westminster).

BUDDHIST Society. Buddha Jayanti 1956-7. The opening of the 2,500th Anniversary of the Buddha's Supreme Enlightenment will be celebrated at the Festival of Wesak on Fri., May 25 at 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Speakers: Ven. Gunasiri Maha Thera, Ven. Kapilavaddho, H.R.H. Prince Chula of Thailand, Christmas Humphreys. Flowers welcomed for the Shrine. Information 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. EUS. 7770.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, May 20, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "J. S. Mill: A Revaluation."

AFRO-Asian Students' Co-ordinating Comit. invites you: Conway Hall Concert, Fri., May 18, 7.30. Conference, Sat., May 19, 10 a.m. Sardar K. M. Panikkar, Guest Speaker. Tkts./inform. 8 Barter St. W.C.1. CHA. 4644.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri., May 25, 8.30. Dr. Sudhin N. Ghose, "Buddha in Asian Art" (illus.). 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

CALVIN Hoffman on "The Man Who Was Shakespeare," Wed., May 23, 7.30 p.m., Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, N.W.1. Organised by Unity Theatre.

"ASPECTS of Anglo-Czech Relations through the Centuries"; Prof. Polisensky (Prague University), Thurs., May 24, 6.30 p.m., 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Admission 1s. 6d. Refreshments.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. PARk 7379. Fri., May 18, 8 p.m. D. Tutaev and I. de la Haye, "Chekhov." Fri., May 25, 8 p.m. Dr. O. Crisp, "Franco-Russian Relations." Mon., May 28, 8 p.m. Oda Slobodskaya, Pushkin Songs (programmes sold in advance).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

GENERAL Zionist Organising Committee. The Hammerskiold Report: A discussion on the Report will be opened by Mr. Samuel Landman at the Jewish Art Centre, 1 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6 (near John Barnes), on Thursday, May 24, at 8.15 p.m. Dr. J. Jackson in the Chair. Visitors welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., May 23, 7.30. "Progress in the National Health Service." Geoffrey Drain, 2 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1. Visitors 2s.

WED., May 23. "Music of Sweden." An illustrated talk by Mr. S. A. Bergman at Cent. Jewish Literary & Social Society, Vienna Cafe, Baker St. W.1, 8.15. Vis. welc.

ROSENBERG Commemoration Meeting, June 19. Keep this date. Further details later. Rosenberg-Sobell Committee, 29 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun., May 20. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Pandit Rishiram "International Peace & Unity."

W. E. SWINTON, Ph.D., "Darwin and Wallace." May 27, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

"FOUGASSE" (of "Punch") on "Humour: U & Non-U"; chair.: Benn Levy. Shaw Society at 7 Albemarle St., W.1, May 25, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., 7.30 p.m. May 24, "Yoga of Devotion." All welc. Sundays, 5 p.m., at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10, for members & friends: Meditation & discourse.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. May 26. Poetry reading in fifteen languages.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY of London, Department of Extra-Mural Studies in association with The Hamlyn Trust. Non-Residential Summer School in "Law and Society in England To-day," August 8-18, 1956. Lectures will be included on the Historical Development of English Law, English Courts of Justice with particular reference to Magistrates' Courts, Law in the Welfare State and Trade Unions and the Law. The course will be held in central London. Fee for the whole course 5 guineas. Details and application forms from Director of Extra-Mural Studies (Room 259), University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

CANFORD Summer School of Music. Aug. 12-26, 1956. This year's courses include: Madrigals and Motets, Violin, Violoncello, Woodwind and Brass, Choral, Three Orchestras, Pianoforte, The Harmonica, Modern Educational Ballet, Folk Dancing, General Musicianship, Recorders, Music for the Listener, School Music. Special Recitals and Lectures by: Charles Groves, Bernard Shore, Evelyn Rothwell, Edric Connor, Ronald Chesney. Prospectus from Org. Secretary, Desk H., 20 Denmark St., W.C.2.

CHINA. Week-end School. June 2-3. Surrey Crest, Godstone. "Law and Justice," Ralph Millner, Barrister; "Science Serves the People," Cedric Dover; "Economic Changes," Jack Dribbon. Sat. evg. film Speakers recently in China. 35s. Apply to Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

HOLIDAY with Music. Wortley Hall, Yorks, Aug. 18-25. Tutors: Alan Bush, Arnold Goldsbrough, etc. Vocal, Instrumental, Brass Band, Listeners' Course. S.A.E. for prospectus from Workers' Music Association, 17 Bishops Bridge Road, London, W.2.

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UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Summer Course—The Phonetics of English. A Summer Course in the Phonetics of English, specially designed for foreign teachers of English, under the direction of Mr. David Abercrombie, Head of the Department of Phonetics, will be held in the University of Edinburgh from August 13 to 25, 1956. Further particulars may be obtained from the Assistant Secretary to the University, Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh.

MAJORCA painting holiday, beginners or advanced, 11 gns. per week, all incl. Brochure, Secretary, Studio-Workshop, 26 Woodstock Rd., Oxford.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.